BOOK REVIEW NUMBER

THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Wednesday, September 29, 1926

BOOKS—FACT, FICTION, AND PHILOSOPHY

Reviewed by

Padraic Colum, Agnes Repplier, Edwin Clark, Henry Longan Stuart, T. Lawrason Riggs, George N. Shuster, Ernest Brennecke, Jr., Bertram C. A. Windle, Thomas Walsh, and Others.

MIRRORS AND SOME REFLECTIONS
Muriel Kent

THE NEGRO IN CALVERT LAND
Margaret B. Downing

THE ULTIMATE NOVEL
An Editorial

Twenty Cents a Copy — Ten Dollars a Year

Volume IV, No. 21

Published weekly by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, November 7, 1924, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume IV — New York, Wednesday, September 29, 1926 — Number 21

CONTENTS

Man's Handiwork and the Church........ 483
Week by Week........................... 485
The Ultimate Novel..................... 488
More Lights Than One................... 489
The Negro in Calvert Land............. Margaret B. Downing 490
Mirrors—And Some Reflections.......... Muriel Kent 492
Time and Change...William Everett Cram 494
The Play...............R. Dana Skinner 495
Poems............Louise Imogen Guiney, George O'Neil, David Morton 496
Books—Fact, Fiction, and Philosophy...... Ernest Brennecke, Jr., Henry Longan Stuart, Edwin Clark, T. Lawrason Riggs, Padraic Colum, George N. Shuster, Agnes Repplier, Theodore Maynard, John M. Kenny, Jr., Thomas Walsh, Bertram C. A. Windle, George D. Meadows, Fulton J. Sheen 497

MAN'S HANDIWORK AND THE CHURCH

IT might be said that the mind and the soul of man know a springtime marked on a mystical calendar that is contrary to the calendar of material time. For even as winter approaches and the death, or at least the sleep, of nature is foretold by a hundred omens, there comes a reawakening of intellectual and spiritual powers. The relaxation of the summer is over. Energies dissipated more often than truly recreated by the playtime of the year, brace themselves anew. Throughout the land this resurgence is betokened and expressed in conferences and conventions preparatory to the effort of the year ahead.

At any rate, all this seems strikingly true of Catholic life and affairs. During the last few weeks and continuing for the next month or more, highly important meetings have been or will be held, from all of which Catholic action can derive strength and inspiration. There was the annual meeting of the cardinals, archbishops, and bishops who form the National Catholic Welfare Conference. The convention of the National Federation of Catholic Alumnae, held with brilliant success at St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana, recently, will be followed by the sixth annual convention of the National Council of Catholic Women, to be held in Milwaukee during the week of October 10. Seven days later, the corresponding organization of men will meet in Cleveland. The Catholic Charities Conference will be convened in Buffalo during the last week in September; the Catholic Industrial Conference in Cleveland, October 1 and 2; and the Catholic Rural Life Conference in Cincinnati, October 20 and 21. The Third Order of Saint Francis is to gather in New York City from October 3 to 6, and the National Catholic Alumni Federation will meet in Philadelphia during the three days following November 12. There are doubtless many other conventions in preparation. This list is not intended to be exhaustive.

Naturally, those promoting all and sundry of these gatherings are enthusiastically sure that their work merits "the special attention of Catholics in the United States." And they are quite right. Only a very few human beings are so constituted, however, that they can take anything like a real interest in more than a few things or topics at a time. The very multiplicity of the aspects through which the Universal Church presents itself sometimes bewilders Catholics themselves, and inclines them to give up as practically hopeless any idea of participation in the work of religion other than a personal one. Undoubtedly, the task of trying to save one's soul is a big enough job for any one of us when it is tackled seriously.

But even so, there is no one of the ways in which the Faith is expressing itself today with such enormous vigor that does not demand the support of Catholic men and women. Each and every such work truly belongs to the functioning of religion.

Consider, for example, the meaning and effectiveness of two among the assemblages we have enumerated. The Catholic Industrial Conference has earned an excellent reputation for frank and informative discussion of the major economic and social problems. It invites representatives of both capital and labor, authorities in all branches of industrial ethics and science, and active men and women of every kind. This year the Conference has the opportunity to commemorate the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Leonine encyclical on the condition of labor. No other document has done so much to focus attention upon the moral right and wrong of wage-earning activities, or so much to build up a spirit of reconciliation between those who have and those who have not. Even if prosperity has eased somewhat the tension between the wealthy and the poor, much work needs to be done. The program announced by Mr. Frederick P. Kenkel, president of the Conference, therefore branches out from a consideration of a Catholic industrial program to the discussion of a great many important problems.

Circumstances also render the Catholic Rural Life Conference exceptionally important. Recent storms and floods have done immeasurable damage. In some instances, entire communities were practically wiped out of existence. Such calamities invoke sympathy and ready aid. But how about the lesser though no less damaging catastrophes of rural life—the dwindling of the effective farm population; the collapse of credit; the inertia of socialized endeavor in the country districts? The causes and characteristics of these ills are little enough understood even by the farmers themselves. Year after year the same blighting conditions continue, and he is a brave man who attempts to see the business of the farmer in a favorable light.

The Reverend Eugene O'Hara is this brave man. For over a decade he has been quite as resolute in upholding agriculture as a satisfying profession as in laying bare the parasitic influences from which the industry suffers. Circumstances enabled him to study the whole situation at first hand. He was both a trained economist and a Catholic priest. It was axiomatic with him that rural economic problems were not merely hard nuts to crack theoretically, but human concerns, a proper handling of which was imposed by moral duty. Naturally, he saw that the Church could be the most helpful of agencies. It could—to his mind it alone could—successfully undertake the baffling endeavor of rural socialization. Therefore he carried on valiantly even when he was practically without assistance. Gradually it was evident that many others were beginning to think as he did; and the increasing emphasis which the times laid upon the plight of the farmer led to thoughtful and very valuable remedial effort. The chief result was the organization of Catholic Rural Life Conferences, the fourth of which is about to be held. Let us stress the numeral fourth. It indicates how new this conference idea is. It makes one stare with appreciative wonder at the program that has been arranged—the topics selected for the addresses, the type of the men who are to deliver them, the wide range of thought and practice to be covered. This program shows clearly that here is no mere academic round table, but an amalgamation of different but uniformly effective groups, every one of which is definitely affiliated with the business of the soil. During recent years, for instance, it has become apparent that the country parish is the key to the future and that it must be entrusted to men carefully trained to use it to advantage. The Conference will therefore listen to what is being done in the seminaries to prepare young priests in an especial manner for rural pastorates. In various ways, too, the keen, direct interest taken by the hierarchy in the work will be manifested. Equally good, it seems to us, is the emphasis which some speakers will place upon coöperation with the state agricultural colleges in spreading scientific and social information. Experience in various states shows that the influence of farmers' institutes and experimental stations is actually on the wane. People are not sufficiently interested in them to justify the expenditure. The parish priest can enkindle renewed interest.

Though there are many ways in which the well-being of the farmer affects the national welfare, none is so crucial as the share taken by the land in the upkeep of the population. Here we shall quote from Father O'Hara himself: "Speaking in terms of total population, although considerably more than one-half of the total population of the United States lives in cities (census of 1920) still there are in the rural districts 2,500,000 more children under ten years of age than in the cities, . . . so from the standpoint of natural increase of population, the country is prolific and the city tends to sterility."

Facts thus indubitable enforce their conclusions. We cannot be indifferent to the atmosphere in which the largest and sturdiest share of the nation's citizens must develop. And because that is now poisoned by economic dissatisfaction, by a shallow materialism which is forever constructing its standards out of a crass vision of city flesh-pots, and by a real dearth of human quality, remedial agencies must be developed and strengthened. The Catholic Church has a real and difficult mission in the country, even as its work in the crowded city involves a careful study of social conditions and their possible amelioration. When all those who have faith in its teaching assist its endeavor in socializing the modern world, then verily there shall appear a new springtime.

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Subscription Rates Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S resolve to parry any attempt by the League powers to modify the fifth reservation which the Senate appended to its approbation of the World Court, is obviously dictated by prudence. This reservation, which protects the United States against Geneva opinion involving American affairs, is of the highest importance to those who feel that the Wilsonian covenant should remain strictly a foreign institution. The net result of several recent political campaigns has been the proof that senators who voted for the World Court, even in its carefully shrouded form, suffered severely at the hands of their constituencies. Several Republican towers of strength have been undermined already; and it is safe to say that if the administration agreed even tentatively with a suggestion that United States standing before the Court should be on a par with "other members of the Council of the League," the electoral ire would, in many places, be nothing short of devastating. Obviously, this public will demands and deserves consideration. Our government is, after all, a popular government. Advocates of the World Court may continue, if they so desire, to educate as many persons as they can into a friendly attitude toward the proposed international tribunal; but they will be very blind partisans if they continue to insist that Washington should proceed farther than the general public is willing to advance.

GERMANY'S entry into the League of Nations is an event; her more recent attempt to arrive at a solution of the difficulties existing between her and France is a still more important event. One hardly knows what to think of the plan to market a sufficient sum of securities to liberate the territories held by the French under the Versailles treaty. If it succeeds, the people of the Reich will shoulder an enormous economic burden for the sake of guaranteeing the integrity of the Fatherland, and incidentally for removing the causes of international friction. After all, however, the method proposed is not so expensive as warfare, and is considerably more kindly. It really would associate two countries which, for centuries, have been hostile to each other, and it would offer invaluable financial aid to France in the present crisis. That the idea will be opposed for good reasons and bad, is obvious. We are inclined to believe that the attitude taken by Great Britain will be of very great importance. Most of the English papers laud the rapprochement, but the Weekly Dispatch weighs the possibility that the German foreign office may be planning the isolation of Great Britain, in accordance with the old Bismarck policy. It is, perhaps, more reasonable to see how much the agreement does to promote the concept of "Pan-Europa," developed some years ago by the Austrian, Coudenhove-Kalergi. His vision of a federated Europe reposed upon a hoped-for Franco-German accord which would put an end to the preponderance of British influence on the continent. He wanted, not the isolation of England, but the end of the balance of power as a step toward a Europe conscious of its integral unity. And whatever may happen, there is no doubt that republican Germany has staked everything it can muster on the effort to harmonize Europe without sacrificing further the independence and stability of its own country. It is using American credit lavishly but sanely; and the spirit of the people of the Reich is good security.

THE petition submitted by the Mexican episcopate to the Calles Congress is an able document, covering as it does the relations between religion and government as these are established by the principle of authority and the idea of freedom. Though one must doubt the willingness—and perhaps the fitness—of Mexican legislators to weigh the details of a fulsome ethical pronouncement on the Constitution, they cannot escape the responsibility of answering. In the United States, no single one of the amendments suggested by the episcopate would seem in the least abnormal—unless it were the section concerning property in which the following compromise is suggested: "Institutions of public or private benevolence, the purpose of which is to assist the needy, to carry on scientific research, to conduct schools, or any other legitimate purpose whatever, may not acquire property in excess of that which is indispensable for their purpose, and is immediately or directly devoted to this." Thus the Church in Mexico would bind itself to own no surplus property, and to be at all times accountable for the wealth

in its possession. One cannot help wondering if the enlightened exponents of state government in Mexico will follow suit and agree not to "acquire property in excess of that which is indispensable for their purpose." We should then be treated to a situation considerably different from that which has prevailed in the neighborhood of prominent officials for some years. Unfortunately, the response to this inquisitive wonderment is far more definitely imaginable than is a new birth of liberty for religion in Mexico.

THOUGH the defeat of Senator Lenroot at the Wisconsin primaries was a severe blow to orthodox Republicanism, it was attended with happenings scarcely less favorable to the Progressive movement. The victorious candidate for nomination as governor is a backslider from La Folletteism, and was bitterly attacked as such by his former associates. Even if no one can predict what will happen when the final elections are staged, the mere fact that Mr. Zimmerman rolled up an impressive plurality is a sign that Wisconsin citizens are not wholly satisfied with the way in which state government has been conducted. It is not so much a question of failure to control legislation, as of inability to recruit men who seem fully qualified for leadership. The La Follette organization was largely the result of a compromise between a rural population, rather definitely centered around Madison and its university, and the labor electorate of the Milwaukee metropolis. During the recent campaign, for instance, Labor, the official organ of a railway union, hotly championed the complete Progressive slate. But the candidates were almost without exception men from small towns whose careers as lawyers had given them local prestige rather than state-wide significance. Governor James Blaine, the present nominee for United States senator, is a typical example, having been elevated to prominence from rather dark obscurity. If this was excellent in so far as the principle of choosing executives from among the people themselves was concerned, it had the unfortunate effect of removing personal éclat—the fortune of older Progressivism—from the campaign. The list presented at the polls looked dull, and dullness is an unpardonable sin in these days of glitter and words.

ADD to this the palpable decline of Wisconsin University as a force in control of public opinion, and you will have a fairly good premise for the conclusion that Madison is no longer the state hub. The choice of Glenn Frank as president of the famous educational centre was an excellent one from the general American intellectual standpoint; but average Wisconsonians have never understood him, and he does not replace in their minds the brilliant economic teaching that used to centre around Professor Richard Ely. At present, there can be no doubt that Milwaukee bids fair to become a rival university city. The Jesuits have in the various colleges of Marquette a rapidly improving foundation which now numbers its students by thousands, and provides almost every kind of training excepting courses in agriculture. Their recent decision to incorporate in the university one of the oldest and most successful Catholic colleges for women in the Middle-West, is merely an illustration of the effort being expended to develop Marquette into a truly all-embracing institution. The final result of this must be to shift the educational emphasis at least relatively from a small city to the metropolis—to bind Wisconsin's one great industrial city with the countryside. And perhaps it is not too much to hope that here Progressivism may find the leaders upon whose prominence and ability its stability as a political agent must depend.

THE eagerness of the senior Senator from Arkansas to let himself at intervals be made a broadcaster of ill will and contentiousness, is too marked to be altogether an accident. It would be an interesting study to trace and assign to its proper psychological irritant each of the impulses that have recently plunged Senator Caraway into hot water with various groups and persuasions among his fellow-citizens. The first statement, which had reference to the ineligibility of Governor Smith as presidential timber on the score of his religion, was thrown off as the Senator boarded an east-bound liner, and it is possible that the full force of its repercussions, which were immediate and profuse, escaped him. The second, which very nearly caused a resolution to be passed by the Illinois Federation of Labor, condemning the Senator in no faint terms for his election charge against President John N. Walker, turns out to be based on no firmer ground that information "from one of Illinois's most prominent citizens." Even harder to explain is a third dictum that the graves of America's dead, which have been left with their French comrades as a sacred trust, are being desecrated with insulting inscriptions scrawled upon them by the debt-burdened natives.

MADE immediately upon the Senator's return from Europe, the allegation attracted widespread notice, and the inference that it was the fruit of personal observation was as natural as it was unfortunate. It now proves to have been but a misunderstanding of certain statements, made as long ago as May, by Senator David Reed of Pennsylvania during an argument on international ill will, and which had reference, not to graves at all, but to war memorials. It has drawn forth indignant denials from those who know with what respect graves, even those scattered ones not under the care of the Monuments' Commission, are invariably treated in France. No vigilance will ever be so ubiquitous and unsleeping that the cad or mentally-twisted prowler with a piece of chalk in his hand, will not manage to elude it. To swell second- or third-hand gossip into a charge which implicates a

nation, is a very different matter. Whatever Senator Caraway has been carried away with, it is certainly not an excess of charity.

"I CONSIDER it a duty every man owes, to render public service to his state and country, to interest himself in the business of the nation, and to see to it that his children's children maintain this democracy," said Governor Alvan T. Fuller, of Massachusetts, in explaining the fact that he had not cashed checks amounting to $50,000 offered in payment for his services as legislator and executive. As a man of wealth, Governor Fuller, of course, was hardly in need of the salary; and it would be a serious error to make important public service impossible for men without private fortunes, as is now the case in the diplomatic corps. But the uncanny skill with which persons without industry or morals can wheedle themselves into American political office for the sake of what there is in it—overtly and otherwise—needs to be counteracted with just such as example as Governor Fuller has set. The news of a man who serves his country for nothing must make these parasites dizzy. Most men of his type are discouraged from statesmanship by the thought of petty opposition from mean newspapers, and still meaner little scramblers. They think, naturally enough, that disinterested service, conscientiously given, ought to be appreciated. Like most elderly and successful men, they yearn for honor without quite realizing it. For them, also, Governor Fuller has set an example. He has emphasized the right word. Once upon a time, General Lee created a platitude by saying that "duty is the sublimest word in the language." He saw it from a soldier's point of view—but it does not change its color by being transferred to politics. Good government is a difficult job, and a man who carries it on with the highest of motives deserves to be remembered even by the innately forgetful.

ALTHOUGH full details of the Miami disaster will be some time in coming to hand, sufficient are known or foreshadowed at the time of writing to place the Florida hurricane in the succession of disasters, which during the past thirty years at Messina, St. Pierre, San Francisco, Nagasaki, and Galveston, have emphasized the fragility of the works of man when confronted with nature in devastating mood. One slight consideration, however, will occur to many. As short a time as ten years ago, a similar disaster taking place over exactly the same territory, would have attracted a mere tithe of the interest that the present one exacts from press and public. The tendency of wind-storms to develop in the tropical portion of the Atlantic, to move westward and northward into the South Atlantic or Gulf states, and to dissipate their energy somewhere in the North Atlantic, has long been observed by meteorologists. But until recently, no great centre of population has lain in their path. The development of certain parts of Florida as urban communities with towering buildings of stone and concrete, and with all the complex machinery of drainage and communications, water and light supply, in territory periodically subjected to hurricanes, raises a new problem for the town-planner, and it will be interesting, when the experiences of the past week have been tabulated, to see just how it is proposed to deal with it.

SPACE is again being given in the daily press to the perennial and unpleasant subject of crime in America, and dissatisfaction with the tempo and volume of its punishment is finding expression, this time in complaints that counsel are grossly exceeding their duties to gentlemen in trouble, and in a suggestion that their activities should be made to end, once and for all, with conviction and sentence. The long-drawn out battle to avoid punishment, it is noted, is suspiciously related to the funds of which the culprit disposes, and the charge is even made that, in accepting the money which he knows must be the fruit of crime, the lawyer who goes on fighting while there is a shot in the locker, is virtually an accessory after the fact. Among the many recommendations for ending what has become a national reproach, it is rather surprising that some plan for sharply defining different degrees in crime, and treating them accordingly, is not advanced.

TO the reader of our daily sheets, it is not so much the volume of crime in the United States that strikes dismay, as its nature. When it is possible, on one page of a daily paper, to find eleven men in Long Island charged with abducting and mistreating two hospital nurses, and four miscreants in masks sought for setting fire to the house of a New Jersey recluse and flinging him into a swamp to die, it is plain we are face to face with a state of things calling, not for discussions upon the ethics of counsel, but for some form of short and sharp correction in which, once conviction has taken place, the barest and sternest essentials of justice are sufficient. There are cold-blooded crimes whose inspiration seems to come directly from hell. They should be set apart from all other forms of crime into which mankind may stumble through passion or ignorance. Public ignominy is one of the weapons of the law, and the law that does not know how to attach it, is failing in a prime function.

THE downfall of American tennis masters before the onslaughts of the invading French team, was not expected—particularly after the outcome of the Davis Cup matches had seemed to prove the superiority of Tilden, Richards, and Johnston. It is a blow to the national pride, even if it has proved anew Yankee ability to accept defeat with a smile. The years of our success have demonstrated, incidentally, how little athletic supremacy is dependent upon climatic, political, or financial conditions. If people once felt there

was something "in the air" which guaranteed the appearance of excellent boxers and oarsmen, the history of sport has abundantly proved them wrong. Training is the recipe for success, although it is as much a matter of morale as of physical regimen. Men and women unaccustomed to tennis courts or golf links, cannot perform brilliantly on them, no matter how impressive their brawn and endurance; men and women incapable of thinking and daring originally, will be happier if they do not try to move in from the sidelines. No nation has a monopoly of such persons. To the United States, however, must go the credit for having made the prizes of athleticism sufficiently attractive to induce a new army of foreign contenders to shoulder the details of the arduous discipline involved. That it must surrender, in exchange, something of its hitherto unchallenged mastery, goes without saying. We might also add that the increasing keenness of competition in sports is dangerous in so far as it tends to promote still more of that excessive straining of energies which has already taken so heavy a toll. It is particularly important that young college men, eager to win laurels, be told of the risk involved and of any weaknesses which might be gravely intensified by athletic struggle.

So often has The Commonweal, in taking its weekly survey of what seem points of especial significance in the pageant of the world, found itself under obligation to the New York Times, that, in joining its voice to the chorus of congratulation that is reaching West Forty-third Street upon this, its seventy-fifth birthday, it can feel, behind its felicitations, that justifying motive—recognition for services rendered. The mere bulk and authority of the Times, its ocean to ocean distribution, and the more permanent publications which its success has enabled it to undertake, need not necessarily inspire the sort of tribute which such a review as The Commonweal cares most to pay on such an occasion. It is possible, as our bookstalls evidence clearly, for a thing to be very big in scale, and very mean in conception. Most to the point in the record the Times has made in the hands that direct it today, is this—that entering upon an inheritance of bitter and fearless party welfare, it has known how to keep what was best in the old, and to add what is best from the new. Its phenomenal circulation has not been built by lowering its tone to meet some shrewdly calculated common multiple of human intelligence. Its expansion has been an outward one, from the sober and instructed heart of America—consequently an educative one. Its special correspondence all over the world has done much to allay the standardization of news-gathering by anonymous syndicates. In its editorials, the voice of tolerance and sane liberty is pretty sure to be heard on any disputed question. The very best wishes of those Americans who value American repute, speed the New York Times to its centenary.

THE ULTIMATE NOVEL

SEPTEMBER 17, for those who prick literary dates on their calendars, was an interesting anniversary. On that day twenty years ago, Joseph Vance, probably the longest English novel since Clarissa Harlowe, and the first essay in letters of any sort, of a man sixty-five years old, was published and took the reading world of two continents by storm in a few weeks.

The circumstances under which it was written make one of the curiosities of literature. William De Morgan, after a whole life spent in an attempt to wed beauty and craftsmanship to the commercial production of glazes and porcelains, had abandoned the hopeless task and settled in England, in failing health, to end his days. His story was scribbled on note-books and odd scraps of paper to beguile the tedium of a long convalescence, and only submitted to a publisher when a faithful wife detected its merit. Publishing houses shied, not unnaturally, at its volume (the manuscript is said to have measured a foot and a half high on the reader's desk). But the author was as deaf to worldly counsels as the potter had been, and his stubbornness was justified when Joseph Vance, unabridged, became a "best-seller."

The series of novels that followed were all stamped with the qualities of the first: great length, digressions almost Shandean, and a tenderness and wistfulness that pierced through a great deal of shrewd knowledge of the world. Better constructed novels than Joseph Vance, Alice-for-Short, and Somehow Good are in every spring and fall list. But none of De Morgan's imitators (and how many there have been!) have ever succeeded in capturing the charm of the old man who "commenced author" within five years of the psalmist's limit.

Neither his story nor his stories are likely to be repeated. To borrow a title from one of the best of them—It Never Can Happen Again. Yet one likes to believe that, somewhere or other, a gentle and wise philosopher, with the De Morgan mastery of human hearts, the De Morgan aversion to everything that is mean, ugly or insincere, who was a mature man when Joseph Vance was published, is collecting the fruit of his experiences, and will use them to give us a long, though we trust not an "encyclopaedic" novel, which shall re-create for us, through the medium of his imagination and memory, a past that the terrible velocity of recent change seems to have put beyond our reach more completely than any past through which an old man can have lived.

If he does not do it, it is hard to see who will. The great failing of our mature writers is that they began writing too long ago. Practice has only too thoroughly taught them the tricks of their own trade and only too thoroughly kept them from contact with the tricks of any other. They write now out of a sub-

stance that has not only been reaped, but gleaned, and their novels, that succeed one another with the sad regularity of the seasons, grow more rigid and more lifeless with each repetition.

As for the younger novelists, upon whom more and more the brunt of production is falling, it would be perhaps too much to say that they deny psychology altogether. But at least they show infinite resource in evading the difficulties it imposes on nascent and none too secure talent. Determinism and fatalism save them from the terrible necessity of ever indicating a choice. A steady insistence upon the objective side of life, which has turned many of the more ambitious recent novels into a catalogue of sensory impacts, a compendium of tastes and sounds and smells, lends color and variety to their product and conceals the terrible poverty of the structure. Like the child in Stevenson's Garden of Verses, the thought that "the world is so full of a number of things" fills them with unreasoning joy. But it is not a joy that they manage to communicate save to minds as immature as their own, or to minds, secretly dismayed at their own maturity, which massage and "lift" their critical perceptions into a fictitious semblance of youth.

The novelist whom we are trying to envisage must not be ashamed of being old, not altogether forgetful of having been young. One likes to imagine him, like our own Henry Adams, a man whose mind at least, is of aristocratic texture, neither dazzled by luxury nor blinded by complexities. This will at least save us having the world presented to us through the cravings of a bell-hop or the pruritus of the autobiographical hobo. But the main point is that he must have seen at least one life lived out, if it be only his own; have been there, not only when the chickens took flight, but when they came home to roost; have been in at the harvest of the dragons' teeth as well as at their planting. It is hardly necessary to add that, using the word in its very widest sense, he should be a man of religious thought. By no other can justice be done to the intricate pattern which is the reverse side of an all-wise and all-compensatory dispensation. For, if evil be not stronger than good, it is at least stronger than any but the ultimate good.

MORE LIGHTS THAN ONE

TO the unscientific and unenquiring mind, light is just light, and there, in the words of bluff Dr. Johnson, who loved to air the positivist view on occasions "there's an end on't." Most people, if pressed, would admit a knowledge that light can be, and is, in the rainbow, for example, split up into a number of what are called the seven primary colors, though actually into an almost infinite gradation of shades. A remnant will know that these shades can be synthesized into white by the simple instrument known as Newton's disk. But that there are other kinds of light besides "just light" may be news to many. It has been known for a considerable time that the famous and now familiar X-rays, which are often encountered by patients with fractured bones, teeth under suspicion and rebellious interiors, are a species of light with an infinitely shorter wave-length, that is, with infinitely shorter intervals between the peaks of the vibrations. Difficult as it is to grasp the fact, physicists tell us that each of these is only one-ten-thousandth part of the wave-length of visible light. For this reason, X-ray spectroscopy reveals crystalline structure.

After four years of patient search, another species of light or ray has been discovered by Professor Millikan, of Chicago, recently the recipient of a Nobel prize for his physical researches. This discovery was briefly indicated in the paper given his scientific brethren at a recent meeting, and it has now been published in the Scientific American. What Professor Millikan has discovered, to put the matter in its simplest form, is a new set of rays of cosmic origin whose wave-length is .0004 of the Angstrom unit, or, as it is usually formularized, .0004 A. Briefly, the new rays are a thousand times shorter in wave-length than the X-rays, and ten million times shorter than those of ordinary light.

Close upon the heels of Professor Millikan's discovery comes news from North Wales of another ray or species of light identified by Professor Wynn Williams, who has worked them out at the University laboratories. These new rays are longer than Millikan's rays and even longer than the X-rays. Everybody by now has heard or read of the ultra-violet rays, employed at times as a medical treatment. To understand their place in spectrology, the spectrum must be studied. At one end of this is red with four hundred and sixty billion vibrations per second. At the other end is violet, with six hundred and seventy; further than this perception does not reach. But beyond the violet come the ultra-violet rays, still beyond these last the Williams ray just named, followed in turn by the X- and the Millikan rays, the incredible rapidity of whose operations may be imagined.

The new rays from Wales have little penetrating power. They are arrested by gold leaf and by a slice of mica. Some of the others are much more penetrating, indeed it is through their penetrative power that the effects on tissue of the X-rays are caused. The relative penetrative power of radio-active substances makes an interesting comparison. The Alpha rays, which are helium atoms charged with positive electricity and whose velocity is very high (about 12,000 miles per second) can be stopped by a mere sheet of paper, or a sheet of aluminum 0.05 millimetres thick. The Beta rays, which are free-flying electrons, require a sheet of aluminum 5.00 millimetres thick to stop them; the Gamma rays, which have been considered to be a species of X-rays set up by the Beta electron, require actually 50.00 centimetres, i.e., about twenty inches of aluminum to arrest their powerful flight.

THE NEGRO IN CALVERT LAND

By MARGARET B. DOWNING

SEVEN years and a few months must elapse before the Catholic Church of the United States will solemnly commemorate the tri-centenary of the landing of the pilgrims from the Ark and the Dove on the soil of Maryland. It has been traditional to quote Father Andrew White's Relatio Itineris on the details of the voyage and the landing near what became "ye citie of St. Marie's in Maryland," but Governor Leonard Calvert wrote a more voluminous report which may be read in full text in the archives of the palatinate of the Barons of Baltimore in the British Museum. In the report of his journey and of his safe arrival, sent by private hand to his brother Cecilius, second Baron of Baltimore, he gives March 3, 1634, as the day the ships entered the Potomac at its mouth, "and then," he writes, "we came nine or ten leagues lower to a lesser river on the north side, as bigge as the Thames, which we call St. George's."

The first landing of the pilgrims took place near what is now the small town of Ridge and the exact spot is locally called Sparrow's Point. Sailing farther, "Governor Calvert and his twenty gentlemen of very good fashion" and the artisans, mechanics, and laborers to the number of 250 who had accompanied the expedition, came to the high land above St. Mary's River. There, on the feast of the Annunciation, March 25, 1634, the Ark and the Dove came to anchor, and the prosecuted religion of Christ found its first home in the British colonies of the new world, together with religious toleration and the broad charity dictated by the Saviour—"Love ye one another."

St. Mary's County, Maryland, has the most glorious traditions in all the United States for those of its Catholic citizens who come of the races which were dominant when the signers of the Declaration affixed their names to the charter of civil liberty—English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh. Yet, with reluctance, it must be acknowledged that no county in what was included in the original thirteen states, nucleus of the Union, has been so backward, and few counties in the entire United States can reach its record for impoverished soil, for crude methods of agriculture, for indifferent sanitation. When it is considered how sacredly descendants of the pilgrims landing from the Mayflower, have preserved every shred of evidence relating to this exploit, what dignity marks their monuments, and what wealth has been expended in statuary, pictures and literature, the attitude of Catholics toward St. Mary's County is inexplicable. To visit Jamestown and witness the pride of Virginia in all that concerns her beginnings, is another reason why the Catholic may hang his head. Jamestown, in the municipal sense, is quite as obliterated as St. Mary's City. Yet the walls of its first assembly hall are plainly marked, a portion still standing holds a mural tablet naming those of the East Indian Company and of the Common council who may be deemed the fathers of the colony, while statues of every hero connected with Virginia's foundation fill the surrounding park, meticulously kept in order by the society for the preservation of Virginia's antiquities.

At St. Mary's City, on the other hand, in spite of some monuments and markers, the Catholic stronghold and first political capital of the province remains a wilderness and waste, when with so little effort it could be transformed into a shrine of the most sacred religious and historical memories.

But there is in St. Mary's County, and, by a happy coincidence, not far from the place where Governor Calvert found the king of the Piscataways awaiting his debarkation, a monument, though not in the sense that Plymouth, Jamestown, and the city of William Penn have erected such, but one which is at least potentially worthy of the idealists who founded the "Land of the Sanctuary." The Cardinal Gibbons Institute for Colored Youth is an agricultural school situated on a 200-acre tract on an inlet of the Potomac near the venerable city of St. Mary's, the first permanent settlement of Catholic Maryland. The eminent prelate for whom this foundation is named, took a kindly interest in its welfare but he was called to rest before the project had assumed a definite shape. He had, however, given a clarion call in the words which are so familiar on the literature circulated by the Institute, "The duty of every man is to lighten the burden that falls heavily on his neighbor and to the full extent of his power." Completed and opened for students in October, 1924, the Institute is now a memorial to Maryland's great churchman.

Boys and girls of fourteen years and upward, of good character, are eligible for the Institute if they have finished the sixth-grade work of any recognized school. Catholics they are to a large extent, logically in such environment, but other denominations are not debarred. Practical farming is the main theme but there are extensions into stock-raising and housekeeping and these with the regular junior high-school courses. At stated times there are farmers' conferences, seasonal meetings—before planting the crop and after reaping it. Raising of the fine porcine breeds has been stimulated by distributing the stock from Ridge to La Plata. Good methods of raising poultry have been introduced to the community and the best dairy lore is taught. Weekly papers of the region have notices of health-promoting weeks, of doctors who have organized campaigns over the county to in-

augurate better sanitation. There have been children's days and old St. Mary's is beginning to learn what happens in big cities when a health drive is under way. The farm of the Institute was in wretched condition when purchased and an object lesson of far-reaching value has been for the students to restore the soil to fertility. Farming machinery has been collected but meagerly, since funds are not yet available.

The Institute has property valued at $125,000, and there is a small indebtedness on the main building. Gifts have come from the Knights of Columbus who collected $35,000 by a five-cent national assessment; Bishop Hugh C. Boyle of Pittsburgh and Honorable James A. Houlahan, the county commissioner of Alleghany, inspired a special collection. Cardinal O'Connell of Boston and Cardinal Hayes of New York have showed a generous interest in the cause, and Archbishop Curley of Baltimore has proved a tower of strength to the project. But best of all, a major portion of the money was collected by the Catholic Negroes of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Pittsburgh, Columbus, and Atlantic City. Under a self-perpetuating board of management with the Archbishop of Baltimore, ex-officio president, the Institute has enrolled many names which in themselves are a hostage of success. Admiral William S. Benson is the first vice-president, and William A. Aumen of Baltimore has been named as the second; A. C. Monaghan of Washington, D. C., is secretary, and Lawrence P. Williams is treasurer. These officers act as an executive committee with Admiral Benson as chairman. The burden of responsibility rests almost wholly on their shoulders, but to judge from results they are carrying it capably. Other members on this committee are Victor H. Daniel, principal of the Institute, a graduate of Tuskegee and a former administrative officer, also of St. Joseph's college, Alabama, and of the New Jersey State School for Negroes at Bordentown; Caroline L. Cook of Baltimore; and Eugene A. Clark, principal of the Miner Normal School, Washington, D. C.

St. Mary's and adjacent counties are well represented in the spiritual way on this board of trustees, with the Auxiliary Bishop of Baltimore, Right Reverend Owen B. Corrigan, in the lead. There is Reverend John A. La Farge, S.J., son of the painter of the South seas, John La Farge, who has been acting as chaplain. Father La Farge had been assistant pastor of Saint Michael's Church, at Ridge, a mission which is geographically closer to the first church established at St. Mary's in 1634 than any now existing, but he was recently transferred to another field; Reverend James Brent Matthews, S.J., pastor of the Church of Saint Ignatius at Bel Alton; Reverend Patrick Eugene Conroy of Saint Mary's Church at Bryantown; Monsignor James Rodger Matthews, pastor of Saint Cyprian's in Washington, D. C., and Reverend Louis B. Pastorelli, superior of Saint Joseph's Society of the Sacred Heart, Baltimore. To these may be added such national guarantors of worthy endeavor as Senator Joseph E. Ransdell of Louisiana, former Senator David Ignatius Walsh of Massachusetts, and many others associated in the public mind with efficient labors for religion and humanity.

The Cardinal Gibbons Institute in its first term justified the title of a national school in that applicants were registered from fourteen states, and this distribution has been doubled in the session now under way. Sound philosophy underlies its dedication to three services, the spiritual needs of the Negro youth, the general health and living conditions of its constituents, and the material welfare of the race which must result from teaching intelligent methods in daily work and living. Such a regimen cannot fail to promote the general prosperity of the nation and, in the superlative sense, that of St. Mary's County. "We are all links in a chain" and the example of those who have founded the Institute for the well-being of the Negro have influenced the white farmers and their families in the most subtle and encouraging way. Reforms come slowly in a conservative community like old St. Mary's but the wheel of progress has begun to revolve and it gathers momentum. For the past three years land values have increased and during this last summer owners of tracts on the salt water have realized their saleable qualities. For St. Mary's still boasts its natural beauty, its delightful bracing climate for two-thirds of the year and the possibilities of its land-locked harbors and of the islands lying on the blue waters of river and bay.

A high note of encouragement was recently sounded when Henry Ford and some of his business associates obtained permission from Congress to build a bridge sixty miles below Washington, spanning the Potomac at the Indian ferry in Charles County, Maryland, and at Barnesfield in King George County, Virginia. This will not only shorten the distance for motorists on the Maryland side who wish to cross to Virginia and for those coming from the Old Dominion into Lord Baltimore's country, by sixty miles, but connects the series of Washington shrines on the Potomac, Wakefield, where the patriot was born, and Fredericksburg, where he spent his youth and from which he went forth to fulfil his destiny, with Mount Vernon where he rests in his last home. In about five years, if Mr. Ford keeps his contract with Congress and the War Department, tourists may motor through the earliest settlements of the pilgrims who landed from the Ark and the Dove, in 1634.

St. Mary's County begins after a most entrancing ride of two hours through country filled with glorious memories. Grain and tobacco fields, with an occasional farmhouse and a few scattered villages, now skirt the road over which, in 1644, the hordes of William Claibourne and Richard Ingle tramped in their sudden descent on Lord Baltimore's province,

when they burned St. Mary's City and destroyed its records, plundered the homes of its citizens and took the pioneer shepherd, Father Andrew White, in chains to London. During the Puritan régime in the mother country, swashbucklers prowled over the land, crossing at the ferry and laying waste the homes and plantations in both the counties where Catholic history in the United States had its opening chapters. Over this now peaceful highway came the many recruits from Virginia to the Protestant army which beseiged and captured St. Mary's City, ably defended by William Digges, lord of Warburton, and other Catholic manor owners, the Fenwicks, Sewalls, Hills, Neales, Lancasters, and many others whose names stand gloriously in the annals of the defenders of the Faith in the new world. Since material prosperity invariably awakens the ancestral pride, seemingly dormant many years in St. Mary's, the Cardinal Gibbons Institute has wrought a good work for the community as a whole whilst performing its excellent labors for the Negro. In the local aspect, at least, though perhaps unawares, preparations go forward for the grand celebration of the tri-centenary of the beginnings of the Catholic Church in the United States.

MIRRORS—AND SOME REFLECTIONS

By MURIEL KENT

A KIND of fascination is attached to the very word—the mirëor of old French, and connected in its Latin form with mirari—to contemplate, wonder at. In the myth beloved by poets, Narcissus gazed so constantly at his own beauty mirrored in the clear fountain that he pined and died of love for that phantom self. A shallow moralist may explain the longing as a supreme instance of human vanity. The poet knows that the alluring power of reflection is a more subtle thing, and finds in the story of Narcissus a type of the subjective mind—or of the Greek spirit itself—in ardent search for truth and beauty.

George MacDonald, ever a citizen of "the deeper fairy-land of the soul," declared:

> All mirrors are magic mirrors. The commonest room is a room in a poem when I turn to the glass. In whatever way it may be accounted for, of one thing we may be sure, that this feeling is no cheat; for there is no cheating in nature and the simple . . . feelings of the soul.

Elsewhere in Phantastes, he says that "a wondrous affinity exists between a mirror and a man's imagination!" Perhaps that is why a child, or a young girl, will sometimes look at her reflected image with the intentness of Narcissus, and quite apart from the consideration of her own features or coloring. She is entranced by the nearest representation of her mysterious individuality—and all but tangible self which still remains separate and aloof. But in a world which has been aptly described as "this self-conscious planet," the fresh, questioning regard of youth is lost all too soon. The every-day miracle of reflection is accounted for in terms of "pure secular science"; or the sense of wonder disappears altogether—just because a mirror meets the surface needs of human nature so exactly. In A Day Dream, Tennyson bade his lady:

> Go, look in any glass and say
> What moral is in being fair?

but in the epilogue, he thus amended the suggestion:

> O whisper to your glass, and say
> "What wonder if he thinks me fair?"

It may be that the old masters, and the modern artists who have painted their own portraits, rediscovered some of the lurking secrets of a mirror, as they studied their subjects by its means. It would be worth while to know the reflections of Rembrandt and Holbein on their reflections—or to hear what G. F. Watts the mystic had to say to Watts the man, face to face in his studio!

The curious fact should not be ignored that it was a Victorian who introduced us to the immortal Alice, and described the inhabitants of Looking-glass Country. Even in these superior days, no one disparages Lewis Carroll's whimsical genius. Most of us respond to its appeal with the old eagerness, for no modern fantasy can replace those beloved figures with their inverted wisdom.

Again, it was one of the great romanticists of the nineteenth century who wrote of the doomed Lady of Shalott, living always in a world of shadows formed by her "mirror's magic sights," and reproducing them in the web she wove unceasingly. Only when Sir Lancelot, on his charger, was reflected there, and his voice reached her, did she leave her loom to look down to the Camelot of reality:

> Out flew the web and floated wide;
> The mirror crack'd from side to side;
> "The curse is come upon me" cried
> The Lady of Shalott.

If a childish memory of Moxon's illustrated edition of the Early Poems can be trusted, it was D. G. Rossetti's drawing of that tragic figure, in a low chamber paneled with glass, which enthralled the imagination, equally with the poem, in those days.

In the prologue to Hans Andersen's charming story, The Snow Queen, the arch-fiend made, for his own

pleasure, a looking-glass which had the property of diminishing everything good and lovely, "while all that was worthless or ill-looking was brought out into still stronger relief." His scholars, naturally, found the effects very entertaining, and proclaimed that people could now see, for the first time, "how the world and its inhabitants really looked." But when, in their attempt to introduce the glass to the heavenly regions, it fell to earth and was shivered into millions and billions of fragments—it became still more mischievous, for each minutest splinter had the same distorting power. Two flying particles of this glass lodged in the eye and heart of little Kay, and spoiled his vision and affections. They brought him under the influence of the Snow Queen who carried him off to her own realms. The story of Gerda's long quest for her playmate, and of Kay's rescue from his icy bonds, shows us Hans Andersen's art at its highest. It holds, moreover, a fable for sceptics and cynics.

The student of ancient civilizations finds the mirror, in its early forms, as far back in time as he can penetrate. It is strange to realize that Helen of Troy may have seen her disastrous beauty in a mirror of polished metal. Strange, too, to think that this medium of reflection was used by Egyptian beauties in the days of remote Pharaohs—and that it imaged another "fair and fatal" queen when Marie Antoinette sat before her glass at Versailles, as a poet pictured her:

> This was her table, these her trim outspread
> Brushes and trays and porcelain cups for red;
> Here sate she, while her women tired and curled
> The most unhappy head in all the world.

All sincere art—in its widest sense—must be a mirror: a double mirror in so far as it reproduces faithfully the artist's view of life for us. Alice Meynell's rare insight traced these counter-reflections in Irish history, in Othello, and in the minds of two poets. In each of these diverse themes, "a mirror faced a mirror" to the eyes of the mystic and poet.

But if we narrow the argument to writers, and to those of our own day, we find that the limitations of the so-called realist are apparent here. The result of his observation is simply a dispassionate inventory of the furniture and the persons his glass have disclosed to him—he has no further vision. Perhaps the title of "actualist" would be a less misleading one. Mr. Arnold Bennett, for instance, can show us his ménage with such craft that he convinces us of every detail as indisputable fact. More than that, he secures our deep interest in their most ordinary affairs—but that is the end of the matter.

Or we find ourselves, after reading the famous Babbitt, with a dismal assurance that he and his circle are the true and only representatives of a large section of the business world in the Middle-West of America. With amazing skill, the author brings before us a material, ugly world—and forces us to consider it. But the book is something better than a detached inquiry into the social phenomena of a group. For Babbitt—with his primitive emotions and his acquired luxury-habits, his manufactured opinions and commercialized standards—even Babbitt kept a small and secret mirror. It flashed a wistful sprite into his dreams at times: it threw a gleam of romance around the friend of his youth—kindling in Babbitt's mind a transient longing for the one, an abiding loyalty to the other.

But if we desire some glimpse of "mystical similitude" rather than the cruder methods of the camera, we must seek mirrors of Mr. Hugh Walpole's kind. Not merely his "green" one, with hints of wizardry in its depths, but those which gave us the spiritual significance of The Golden Scarecrow, the glamour of The Young Enchanted. Among modern writers of prose, perhaps Barrie and Walpole are distinguished as explorers of the soul's borderland—the region which is non-existent for the majority—while W. B. Yeats and Walter De La Mare have learned their poetic spells in that country.

We have a clearer right to demand magic mirrors of the poets. They, more than others, should proclaim to us "a full assurance given by lookes," and be able to interpret their own dreams in our ears. But even in the domain of creative imagination, the cult of ugliness and the spirit of revolt have blurred the vision of not a few. They have seen nature and life in forms which they have clothed with raw emotions and uncouth words. There are those who claim the name of poet while they disdain equally the working rules of philosophy and art.

James Elroy Flecker, whose own avowed aim—in a period of decadence—was to "create beauty," marked the growth of this recurrent cult in another field of art, and wrote its indictment:

> Our only gods shall be the subterrane,
> Pictures of things misshapen, harsh and crude,
>
> . . . .
>
> Here, friend, are subtly-drawn uncommon things;
> Make such your gods: they only understand.
> Only a headless ape with slimy wings
> Can whisk you round the interesting land.
> Though after twenty years they may not please,
> Sane men have worshiped stranger gods than these.

But Flecker himself left us the burnished, glowing imagery of Gates of Damascus, the brief, haunting beauty of November Eves and Tenebris Interlucentum. In Hassan, even the passion and horror seem to fade into, and blend with, the quest of the ideal, as the caravan takes the Golden Road to Samarkand. There can be no doubt about the magic properties of Flecker's mirror. He might "hate philosophy," but it was against its tabulated tenets that he rebelled. And, all the time, he was led "not by reason sensible

of deeming, but by reason imaginative," as Boethius expressed it.

Surely it becomes increasingly possible to conceive of science and art no longer as rival seers, proclaiming different gospels, but as gazing into one mirror, from different angles. The scientist admits that "the eye sees that which it brings with it the power of seeing." The poet, the artist, and the mystic declare, with Goethe, that "everything transitory is parable."

Alice's first discovery in the looking-glass room was that what could be seen from the old room remained quite commonplace and uninteresting. All the surprising things, the familiar objects in new aspects, were found in the part which had been invisible from that former standpoint. Perhaps this suggests our conditioned vision of deeper verities. Out of his profound experience, Saint Paul wrote: "Now we see in a mirror darkly." But the short-sighted and undiscerning are scarcely aware that, whether they will or no, they live in a world of reflections.

TIME AND CHANGE

By WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM

ONE morning my plough turned up a broken tomahawk, and a little later, a steel wrench I had lost from the mowing machine only a few years before.

The flint hatchet, fashioned by a red-skinned workman centuries ago, lies on my desk as I write. It is of the type of a swamper's axe, double-edged, with a hole through the middle for the handle to fit into, clear-cut as when first made. The steel wrench I might easily have mistaken for the half-decayed root of a tree, encrusted and eaten away as it was, by rust. A few seasons longer in the ground, and it would be only a reddish discoloration of the surrounding soil. We read that the first settlers gave iron hatchets and arrow-points to the Indians in exchange for furs, but who has ever found one of those implements?

A mile to the west of my home there is a "sand circle"—a spot where the winds, deflected by the evergreen woods on three sides, blow the sand round and round and ever outward—like the waters of a whirlpool. I first saw this sand circle forty years ago, when it was only a few yards across. It is now several rods in diameter, basin shaped, and with its outer edge higher than the surrounding turf.

Every year I visit it in search of arrow-heads, and very seldom fail to find them. Two years ago, my brother and my son walked that way looking for relics. They did not find any on that occasion, but discovered, instead, a human skull, partly uncovered. They supposed it to be that of an Indian, but when examined a few days later, it seemed evident that it was a white man's skull.

In reburying it where it was found, I discovered the rest of the skeleton, and a few yards away another skeleton—lying parallel with the first, with the feet to the rising sun.

Both had been buried in coffins of old growth pine, almost rotted away, and where the coffin nails had been were only red rust stains in the coarse-grained wood.

Iron and steel are more perishable than wood, and yet we confidently assume to name the ages of man, the stone age, bronze age, and the age of iron and steel, overlooking—it seems to me—the possibility that, alternating with these there may have been periods of civilization like our own, when iron and steel and other metals dominated all other materials in supplying the needs of men. We have no positive evidence in the matter, either one way or the other, and hence it must remain a subject for conjecture.

If our civilization should come to an end next year, what would the geologist find a few thousand years hence, where our big cities now stand? Massive foundations of stone, and little else; gold coins and jewels here and there, and perhaps some inscriptions stamped on copper or bronze or platinum. Very little I think, that could be deciphered to tell of the life of the past. Great cities flourished in Central and South America. The stone work stands there now; but if along with these stone buildings, there were also towering steel structures, and leagues on leagues of intersecting wires and steel rails along which freight trains rumbled, we should be none the wiser. Glass exposed to the friction of wind-driven sand, quickly wears away to nothingness, while as to books and written and printed papers and manuscripts, they are as perishable as autumn leaves in the forest.

It seems a reasonable supposition that in the centuries that elapse between civilizations, abandoned towns and cities would be appropriated by tribes of wild men—decendants, perhaps, of the original builders—leaving in their turn, traces of simpler life, which students of research in after years, might naturally ascribe to the real owners. Why, then, should we assume that just because certain people in the past saw fit to inscribe a few of their records on parchment, brick, stone, and bronze—hoping, perchance, to leave something that might be read by later comers—that these same people, or others of an earlier generation, did not also have their paper mills and printing presses, by means of which what they found to say was passed from one to another of their time much in the same manner that news is circulated through the medium of newspapers and magazines in our present civilization?

When my grandfather, with his broad axe, hewed the timber which constructs the framework of the house in which I now write, life was very much as it had been during many centuries before his time. Our whole modern civilization has sprung up since then, and how much longer it will continue is wholly a matter of conjecture. On the one hand, there are many who claim to be possessed of indisputable facts, telling us that the supply of mineral oil in the ground is well-nigh exhausted, and that when it finally gives out, or becomes so diminished as to fail to meet the full demand, not only will the principal motive power of today be taken from us, but lack of oil for lubricating purposes will shut down mills and factories, the generation of electricity, and transportation generally. In such a case, there would seem to be but one course left for us to follow—a gradual return to hand-labor; the individual production of the chief necessities of life to supply the local daily needs of men.

On the other hand, those who have studied the progress of invention claim that whenever anything we deem a necessity fails along one line, inventive genius rises to the occasion, enabling us to dispense with what we are compelled to do without, and offering something better in its place.

Today is the age of steel. Tomorrow may be the age of wireless, with invisible currents of power, caught and transformed to suit our pleasure, into light and heat, just as we now use them to transmit the spoken word.

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

2 Girls Wanted

JOHN GOLDEN has the habit and the reputation of producing "clean" plays. The habit is commendable, but the reputation rather harmful when it comes to obtaining unbiased criticism from the gentlemen of the daily press. Being dedicated to the task of being personally amusing at all costs, these languid first-nighters will seize upon any weapon at hand to poke fun at a play or its producer, and as Mr. Golden has been pretty aggressive in his claims of cleanliness, the critics have had a fine time patting him on the head like an infant at bay.

Last year it was Pigs. In a curtain speech, little Miss Nydia Westman assured us that "Pigs is clean," and that, one agreed, was that! But in looking backward through the perspective of a season decorated by Shanghai gestures, dusky Harlem belles and other microscopic examinations of sewerage, Pigs seems to have been something more than clean. It seems to have been, within its own frank limitations, a good evening's entertainment.

The same thing can be said of the new Golden production, 2 Girls Wanted, written by Gladys Unger. Some people like only an animated and ancient cheese with their coffee and crackers; others like a fresh cream cheese. When I go to see a cream cheese play, I don't expect it to have a suspicious tang. I like it for just what it is. It never occurs to me to wonder what it might have been if it had been an entirely different play. One might just as well lament the fact that Fanny Brice is not John Barrymore—instead of rejoicing in the fact that both are artists.

Miss Unger's little comedy, inhabited by Nydia Westman, pretends to be—just what it is. And it succeeds in making many of the oldest and most familiar situations in the theatre amusing if not convincing, enjoyable if by no means exhilarating. It has in it the poor orphan girl from the country, this time with a sister to boot, the wicked Wall Street hard man (with a soft heart) the sneering villain, the sophisticated débutante just back from Europe with "fawncy" ideas, and the perfect and upright young business man as hero. Yes, it parades these characters without shame, and does so, curiously enough, without reproach except for one incident at the close of scene one of act three, where the pseudo-melodrama becomes incredible.

While I am speaking of scenes, those who believe that they understand just what the public wants might be glad to have me report the remark of a lady in the row just behind me. After looking at her program, she said to her companion, "This is going to be good—there are *six* scenes!" Which, translated, means that she knew what she wanted—and she got it.

And now a closing word about Nydia Westman. This diminutive person, with the funny little catch in her voice and her everlasting solemnity, is one of the drollest heroines on our stage today, not even excepting Ruth Gordon. Miss Westman can make an audience laugh with a monosyllable or want to cry with a pained eyebrow. Perhaps she has a greater range than her recent plays permit. But one doesn't much care. She is unique and delightful as she is, a sort of Chaplinesque figure, with the fine artistry of intelligent restraint.

Naughty Riquette

MITZI HAJOS, who for several years has abandoned her last name entirely, has at last arrived back in New York in a musical comedy of the old, old school. The music of Naughty Riquette is by Oscar Straus, and the book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Perhaps in a play of such ancient vintage, the book is hardly worth mentioning. But as the plot—what there is of it—concerns a girl who pretends to be the traveling wife of a Frenchman (and, of course, is not) in order to help him cover up an affair with another man's wife and in order to obtain money for her sick brother, one is slightly bewildered by various critical statements to the effect that the play is quite pure and innocent. It has become the strange view of present-day critics that a play only borders on indecency when it puts grossly sensual scenes on the stage or treats seriously of sin and its consequences. The point that a light and comic treatment of irregularities is quite as bad, if not far more insidious, has been lost. As to the serious treatment of sin, the point that a play of either punishment or redemption may be wholly moral seems miles above the critical heads.

There are four bright spots in this otherwise dull entertainment. Mitzi has lost none of her quaint charm. She still goes about her business of laughter and tears with a splendid and justified assurance. Stanley Lupino, a cousin of Lupino Lane, proves to be almost as acrobatic as his cousin and an authentic comedian in the bargain—an excellent type, one would say, for Gilbert and Sullivan revivals. And then Sylvan Lee and Jane Moore present a black-face dance which is, in its way, a small masterpiece.

She Couldn't Say No

THIS farce by B. M. Kaye is hardly of the proportions or skill in construction to demand much comment. It has some pretty raw lines scattered here and there, a few—very few—genuinely amusing situations, and it is presented, for the most part, with a cast that takes itself languidly. But it does do one thing—it raises the acute problem of what we are going to do with that amazing comedienne, Florence Moore.

Miss Moore's work—hard, driving work—in her part as a stenographer, in love with her lawyer boss, who turns Portia to give him a lesson, is unbelievably good and bad. There is not a comic line or situation that she fails to wring dry. One feels a veritable outpouring of energy. And then, in rare and interesting flashes, she shows us moments of real emotional force. But the energy is often misplaced, out of all relation or perspective to the other players or the movement of the play itself. And the emotional flashes are so fine and sincere that one feels like clamoring for an author and a play to do her justice, for any setting, in fact, rather than cheaply constructed farce.

What, then, is one to do with Florence Moore? Is the lack of proportion her own? Is it due to an irrepressible energy which no amount of direction or expert coaching could mold into a finished performance? If so, there is nothing we can do but resign ourselves to constant disappointment. But I have a strong feeling that Miss Moore is capable of really great work, possibly in parts of quite a different character from

any she has been given in recent years. I can well imagine that the reverse of the comic shield might show an emotional actress of sustained power and insight. On the other hand, a first-class director, with authority to fit her into a high comedy part of some distinction and range of feeling, might enable her to make a gradual transition into a richer field.

Just Life

MISS MARJORIE RAMBEAU has not been very fortunate in her selection of an opening play for this season. Just Life is, in most respects, as aimless as its title, the story of an ex-opera singer who works hard to keep her home together without knowing exactly how to do it, and a husband whose dishonesty of mind as well as action puts him beyond the pale of all sympathy. There is, in the offing, a frustrated and honest man who has silently loved Madame Bernice Chase for long years and who, we are given to understand in the last two minutes, will take the place of her husband when divorce arrangements have been completed. Yes—it is that kind of a play.

John Bowie is the author of Just Life, and one gathers that in spite of the essential bitterness of the play, he is still far from a cynic. There are moments when one feels an undercurrent of better feeling than the surface details indicate. If divorce were not made the all-too-easy solution, one might even detect a fairly sound moral in this glimpse of domestic tragedy. But the construction of the play is so crude, its preachments so obvious and its comedy so forced that, as it stands, it has no real value other than the chance it gives Miss Rambeau for some excellent scenes.

Not many actresses have as pleasing a voice as Miss Rambeau. She can, when occasion presents, do a great deal with it. But she falls too easily into a singing monotony which gives her lines an uneasy weightiness. She needs, for her best expression, a far stormier part than the tortured Bernice Chase. Boyd Marshall played the thankless part of the faithful friend with manliness and force, and Clyde Fillmore as Gordon Chase was all that the character demanded in morose shiftiness. Probably the most interesting acting was that of Ethel Wilson as an attractive maiden aunt.

CONTRIBUTORS

MARGARET B. DOWNING is a contributor to the magazines on Catholic and historical subjects.

MURIEL KENT is an English author, and a contributor of articles, reviews, and poems to American and English magazines.

WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM is a New Hampshire farmer and writer on natural history. His books include Little Beasts of Field and Wood, and American Animals.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY was a distinguished American poet who died at Oxford, England, in 1920. Her works include The White Sail, Patrius, A Roadside Harp, The Martyr's Idyl, and Happy Endings.

GEORGE O'NEIL is a contributor of poetry to current magazines.

DAVID MORTON is associated with the English department of Amherst College, and the author of The Sonnet.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR., is a New York critic, and the author of a biography of Thomas Hardy.

EDWIN CLARK is a contributor of literary criticism to current publications.

REVEREND T. LAWRASON RIGGS is the chaplain of the Catholic Club at Yale University.

PADRAIC COLUM, Irish poet and story-teller, is the author of Wild Earth, The Children Who Followed the Piper, and other books.

AGNES REPPLIER is well known in American letters for her volumes of essays, Points of View, Varia, In Our Convent Days, and Americans and Others.

THEODORE MAYNARD is an English poet and author now residing in the United States. His books include Drums of Defeat, Carven From the Laurel Trees, A Tankard of Ale, and The Divine Adventure.

JOHN M. KENNY, JR., is a contributor of book reviews to American magazines.

SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE is professor of anthropology at Saint Michael's College, Toronto, and the author of A Century of Scientific Thought, The Church and Science, and The Romans in Britain.

GEORGE D. MEADOWS is an English reviewer at present living in the United States.

DR. FULTON J. SHEEN is the only American fellow of the University of Louvain. He is the author of God and Intelligence.

POEMS

Nam Semen est Verbum Dei

(This sonnet, hitherto unpublished, was discovered by Miss Grace Guiney, the literary executrix of Louise Imogen Guiney, at Oxford, England. A review of The Letters of Louise Imogen Guiney is printed elsewhere in this issue of The Commonweal.—The Editors.)

Springtide of spirits, at the altar rail:
A mystic Sowing, in the morning light:
A gentleness of love that yet can smite
As on the granary floor the threshing-flail.
O happy soil! O terror beyond wail,
If never sheaf the Sowing should requite,
And time between were busied but to blight
Good will, which only can make God avail!

Till souls be corn and vintage of His feast,
As He was aye of ours, how grave and slow
Like any weary husbandman, a Priest
Fills the long furrow, treading to and fro!
And there my clod of earth, the last, the least,
Vows that pure Seed some harvest, ere the snow.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY (1861-1920).

Stable Boy

With wind behind them, toward an arc of sun,
A stallion and a boy beside him run
Together on a hill. We hear a neigh,
The thud of hooves and shouting, every day.

As if the meadow were a burning floor
At sundown, running for the golden door
That closes the wide evening wall, they dash
Up the long hill and over with a flash.

When they are gone the dark seeps quickly under
The stones. And thinking of the horse, I wonder
If that boy stables him with crystal bars
And pats him over to a pail of stars.

GEORGE O'NEIL.

Visitation

Here where these long, slow lights of spring are falling
In soft and dreamy splendors over the ground,
And birds along the darkening wood are calling,
Less like a sound than like a hush of sound—
Something comes back that was not here before,
Lonely and shy and lovely with no name;
Some joy I had, some heartbreak that I wore,
Ghostwise returns for this too ghostly fame.

Now all the sadness that my heart has known,
And all the briefest joy that could not stay—
The sighs and laughter that my breath had sown,
Find here again a hushed and lonely way
Through skies of dreamy splendor like their own,
And fields as sad, as beautiful, as they.

DAVID MORTON.

BOOKS—FACT, FICTION, AND PHILOSOPHY

The Story of Philosophy, by Will Durant. New York: Simon and Schuster. $5.00.

IT would seem to be a miraculous and encouraging phenomenon that this 600-page book, a collection of essays on the greater philosophers, from Socrates to John Dewey, has already sold some 50,000 copies, and that its appearance has been acclaimed with instant and vociferous unanimity by practically every important and unimportant critical organ in the United States. It seems, at first blush, to indicate that our national civilization, so long addicted (in the general estimation) to the swift pursuit of wealth and power in motor cars, accompanied by jazz bands playing mother-songs, has at length arrived at a reflective stage and is beginning to take stock of its accomplishments and aims—to wonder just where it is going: a wonderful act, dreadful in its inevitable consequences! Can it be that the voices of Henry Ford, Billy Sunday, and Florenz Ziegfeld will soon have to compete with those of Plato and Spinoza? The publishers of the present volume seem to think so: in an open letter to Mr. H. G. Wells, they point with proud complacency to such evidence of the birth-agonies of a new intelligence.

It sounds incredible, but it may be so; let us see: the book itself will tell the tale. Certainly it contains three chapters which come very near to being first-class introductions to the thinkers with whom they are concerned. One can warmly recommend Dr. Durant's discussion of Aristotle and his scientific system, of Spinoza and his ethics, of Kant and his critiques, to those who, like Mr. Heywood Broun, know these names only by the vaguest hearsay. High-school students will find them stimulating, and may consequently feel the urge to attack the originals.

The author's generous sprinkling of smart cracks, in the manner of Will Rogers imitating Lytton Strachey, will speed along the elementary reader pleasantly enough: they are fairly brilliant efforts for a Doctor of Philosophy who seems to sneer at Ph.D's but finds it politic to use the degree on his own title-page. And in all justice, it must be admitted here that the book as a whole is no more inaccurate, no more of a bore to the discriminating reader, than is the general swarm of "popular" and "humanized" "outlines" and "stories" of this and that learned subject to which Mr. Wells's Outline of History has given birth.

But a careful perusal of the first essay, on Plato, makes one hesitate to join in the general chorus of delighted welcome. For it soon becomes evident that Dr. Durant possesses a temperament and a set of opinions which (to put it mildly) are unique in a professional philosopher. He thinks logic "the dullest of studies." Metaphysics is to him a fruitless and squirming contention with bloodless shadows. He regards epistemology, the fundamental inquiry as to the mind's capabilities and limitations, as a waste of time and the bane of modern thinking. He confines himself, consequently, to the special branches of politics, sociology, ethics, and aesthetics. And, inasmuch as the two latter fields are only spasmodically covered, his opus gives one the impression that the whole tribe of philosophers is merely a crowd of impractical social and political radicals. Of Plato, we get only the impossible Utopian dream of The Republic; none of the eloquent practical psychology of the Phaedrus, and the Symposium; none of the beautiful eschatology of the Phaedo.

The subject of Dr. Durant's omissions calls for some very hard sayings. His title, despite his disclaimer that the work is a complete history of philosophy, implies a promise of at least an approach to comprehensiveness. Yet, he would have us accept his notion that after Aristotle's death there ensued a big black gap of 1800 chiefly Catholic-Christian years, during which no single valuable human thought found enduring expression. He scarcely sees fit to mention, except in laconic disdain, the Stoics and Epicureans, Christ and Saint Paul, Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus, the neo-Platonists and Saint Augustine, the Scholastics, Scotus Erigena and Abelard, Saint Thomas Aquinas—briefly, the whole Christian ethics. When he praised Spinoza for declaring that "the eternal wisdom of God has shown itself forth in all things, but chiefly in the mind of man, and most of all in Jesus Christ," likewise when he quoted another of his idols, Santayana, as declaring that "those dark ages, from which our political practice is derived, had a political theory we should do well to study; for their theory about a universal empire and a catholic church was in turn the echo of a former age of reason when a few men, conscious of ruling the world, had for a moment sought to survey it as a whole and to rule it justly," he might have permitted those sentiments to influence the proportioning of his book. Of course, in such a work as this, it is far better to dig deeply in small plots than to scratch acres with a niggling pen-point. And naturally, if the author thinks that Henri Bergson really deserves more space than Jesus Christ, he is entitled to his opinion. As Dr. Johnson once said, every man has a right to express his opinion—but every other man has a right to knock him down for it. Simply in order to make himself intelligible, Dr. Durant might have explained to his benighted readers just what intellectual horrors lurked in the empty darknesses of those middle-ages, just what alchemical lunacies scrambled the wits of those poor scholastics and metaphysicians, before he proceeded to damn them all so cleverly.

I came to the chapter on Bacon, then, with something of a suspicion that the writer's smartness also involves superficiality and laziness, and that the book is idiotically proportioned. The suspicion rapidly matures to conviction. Of Bacon we get chiefly an analysis of the casual Essays and some snorts on the inductive habit of logical thought. Then a long series of anecdotes about Voltaire—amusing enough, but not philosophy, a fact emphasized by the omission of Descartes, Leibnitz, Fichte, Schelling, and we might justly add, of Carlyle, Mill, and Newman. Assuming the mantle of a literary critic, Dr. Durant thinks Nietzsche "a mountain peak in German prose," and Also sprach Zarathustra "the greatest prose poem in the literature of his century." He attempts a "medical" explanation of Schopenhauer's closely reasoned system, for which it is well that Schopenhauer is at the moment unable to eat Dr. Durant alive, press notices and all. Of contemporary Europeans, we find a sympathetic account of the exploded dualism of the spiritist Bergson, and a total and admitted lack of comprehension of the aesthetic of Croce; we find a boost for Bertrand Russell's war books, delivered with the remark that his mathematics, logic, and epistemology are so much "moonshine." We find a complete unconsciousness

of the existence of Unamuno and Count Keyserling. The final section, on "American philosophers," is devoted to Santayana's rationalism, to the cowardly slap-dash of William James's pragmatism, and to Professor John Dewey, who has yet to make it clear what he stands for.

The effect of all this rubbishy discourse is aggravated by the ubiquitous and gratuitous witticisms and puns: when we learn that Aristotle believed woman to have fewer teeth than man, we are told, "apparently his relations with women were of the most amicable kind." And that Bertrand Russell, being the second son of the Earl of Russell, "missed an earldom by an heir's breadth." The publishers, to judge from their advertisements, depend on these and similar flashes of inspiration to sell the book to multitudes. Thereby they prove themselves sound American business men: even the smart New Yorker recommends it to its fashionable customers. At this moment, one must know why Kant never married, in order to appear the complete cosmopolite. The painstaking scholarship of the details may be demonstrated by the frequent references to second-hand sources, and to a quotation from Carlyle, referred to that writer's Past and Present. Here, certainly, is ammunition for a redemonstration of the hopeless and infallible imbecility of our national level of taste and learning. Neither the book nor its reception indicates the slightest urge to come to grips with anything like reality.

The transcendent mentality of our critics is sufficiently displayed on the publishers' jacket. George A. Dorsey writes: "Magnificent! The only book of philosophy which I've been able to read from cover to cover without getting mad or bored." Hendrik Van Loon: "After forty-four years of plowing through unreadable stuff, I got hold of The Story of Philosophy. Here at last is a book that has told me what I always wanted to know and never could quite discover." Henry Hazlitt: "I fear that this volume will never be used as a textbook. It is too fascinating, too brilliant, too clear, too human. We herewith turn out the guard and fire a 21-gun salute for The Story of Philosophy!" Finally, the impeccable intelligence of Heywood Broun: "Plato, Aristotle, and Socrates have been little more to me than names. And now I read this fine, fresh book, and it's all as exciting as a news report of a first-class trial in the Criminal Courts Building." Plato may well feel himself flattered. John Dewey's recommendation of the book gets the entire reverse side of the jacket—and John Dewey's portrait covers a full page, and the exposition of John Dewey's philosophy, ten pages of the text. And our author sees great improvement in our native American "taste"!

Dr. Durant bewails the fact that those "middle-ages" aren't quite over yet. Thank heaven they aren't. A little more middle-age wisdom would not exactly disgrace some of us. When we soberly consider the result of Dr. Durant's reading of the philosophers, and of our critics' reading of Durant, we can only reëcho Durant as quoting Schopenhauer as quoting Lichtenberger: "Works like these are as a mirror: if an ass looks in, you cannot expect an angel to look out."

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

The American in England During the First Half Century of Independence, by Robert E. Spiller. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $5.00.

THE period during which England was most truly a foreign country to Americans was the half century which immediately followed its separation from the British empire. The statement is not so paradoxical as it sounds. There was, on both sides, the rancor of a war not fought out without leaving many an unpleasant mutual memory. On the English side there was the grudging admission of final and irremediable loss from a people temperamentally reluctant to own defeat; on the American, the exaggerated national assertiveness necessary to meet the new situation. There were, for a time, the dispossessed loyalists, and for many years, their descendants, the United Empire Loyalists, just across the border, to keep the sore open.

The ill-will may be said to have culminated generally during the war of secession in the bitterness displayed by the ruling caste in Britain toward the majority who were fighting to keep the Union intact, and more precisely, with the Mason-Slidell incident. From this time on, statesmen in Great Britain seem to have awakened to the dangers into which hauteur and bad humor were leading them. Good relations with the great western republic became the unsleeping concern of parliament, press, and public. It is not too much to say that anyone in public life who attempts to disturb them today, on any pretext or provocation whatsoever, commits political hara-kiri.

Mr. Robert Spiller's study of Anglo-American contacts in Great Britain during the last quarter of the eighteenth and first of the nineteenth centuries makes fascinating reading. Thousands of Americans, whose ranks included diplomats, consular representatives, merchants, students, and mere sightseers were traveling in what Hawthorne later was to call "the Old Home." Many of them kept diaries or wrote letters in which their impressions were recorded with a frankness that seldom sees the light today. Thus, before the veil of the Mayflower-Sulgrave ideology falls upon Anglo-American contacts, we have a chance (which we shall probably never have again) to read an actual and uncensored record of how England and Englishmen struck Americans.

Most of them didn't care for either—the earlier diplomats least of all. It is evident at a glance how difficult was the task imposed upon the first ministers-plenipotentiary sent by the young republic to the Court of St. James. On numberless occasions they had to insist upon a recognition of facts which Britain accorded with a very bad grace. They had to meet aristocratic rudeness with simple and homespun dignity. In the face of social differences from which they had emancipated themselves, they had to convey, courteously but unmistakably, that such things (so far as they were concerned at least) no longer applied. Their alternatives were two-fold. Either they had to let the British Foreign Office "put it over," or checkmate its wiles by what might easily be represented as democratic bad manners. "The envoy at court," says Mr. Spiller, "was caught between two irreconcilable dilemmas. By nature he was fitted to meet a situation which his ideals denied but which his instinct told him must be faced; and the men with whom he was forced to associate and work, not only gave him a grudging welcome, but were constantly tempted to ignore him except where the business of diplomacy made association obligatory." In homely language, the early American minister carried a chip on his shoulder. But it was circumstances rather than himself that put it there.

From the two Adamses, as one would expect, we get the perfect attitude. Neither liked the British government nor the British ruling classes. "The essence of everything is lost in ceremony," observes the elder after his first reception by the crazy old king. "We must submit to what we cannot alter. Patience is the only remedy." Jefferson, introduced

while on a visit from Paris, is more emphatic. "Their nation hates us, their ministers hate us, and their king, more than all other men." The younger Adams was of more philosophical temper. "He was more amused than impressed, upon his several visits to Parliament, at the pompous formalities indulged in by the members, but he expresses his feeling again by a dignified detachment, and more implied than stated comment." Detachment, indeed, was John Quincy's retort to the insolence of Vanity Fair toward a diplomat whose headquarters were above a Turkish Bath in Harley Street. As much of his time as possible was spent at his home at Ealing, where, it is interesting to recall, his two sons were school-fellows of John Henry Newman. In London he eschewed smart society, spending his leisure preferably with such prominent figures in civic life, science, and social service as Lord Mayor Wood, Owen, Bentham, and Cartwright.

Richard Rush, minister in 1817, is the first of a fairly long line of representatives whose aim has been to ingratiate themselves with those who make good and bad social weather, who put democracy into cold storage at Southampton or Liverpool, and whose despatches home should, to do them full justice, be typed on rose-colored stationery. "Invitations were showered upon the visiting diplomats, and Rush was in the mood to accept as many as he could." He was frankly dazzled by what was shown him. "He treated formal ceremony," Mr. Spiller records, "with an easy acquiescence and a genuine enjoyment. . . . When the opportunity afforded for the description of the social events of royalty . . . Rush spared no effort in painting a picture as glowing and colorful as possible." Where Audubon, the naturalist, is shocked at perceiving beggars on every hand, "for England, though rich, has poverty gaping everywhere you look," and where Adams the younger complains that "the extremes of opulence are more remarkable, and more constantly obvious in this country than in any I ever saw," his successor merely records that "the opinions in which I feel most confidence, and which are most important, are those which refer to the wealth and power of England and their steady augmentation." After reading Rush's Residence at the Court of London, one no longer wonders where the style of that eminent American envoy to Britain, the late Walter H. Page, was formed.

There is an interesting chapter on the American art colony in London at the close of the eighteenth century—Copley, West, Trumbull, Samuel Morse and their circle, who seem (and this is much to the credit of the British government) with one unimportant exception, to have been left unmolested during the wars of the Revolution and of 1812. We glean the fact that Allston, from patriotic motives, returned to the United States, just as his vogue and popularity in the older country seemed assured. We learn how the first American flag displayed in England was painted by Copley on a marine picture whose completion was only waiting upon the formal declaration of peace. "After this stirring event [Mr. Spiller is speaking of Elkanah Watson, author of Men and Times of the Revolution] the two hurried back to the studio and painted the American flag to the mast of the ship, 'the first American flag hoisted in old England.' "

The most interesting passages in Mr. Spiller's fine monograph are the comments of American travelers on the industrial system, already in its full and fell career. Nearly all detest it, and regard the prospect of its ever taking root in America with positive dismay. "Thank God," says lawyer William Austin, "the United States is rather an agricultural, than a commercial, country: otherwise, in spite of the Constitution, our republic would soon be lost in an aristocracy, and what is still worse, a commercial aristocracy, which experience proves to be the most inexorable, relentless, and cold-blooded of all tyrannies." "From the moment," says merchant Joshua E. White, of Savannah, "that we see such places as Manchester and Birmingham in our country, should we date the commencement of a system dangerous to its liberties, and fraught with principles most inimical to the happiness of the people."

Time, that great adjuster, has brought to naught many of the fears of these brave, unimpressed, and uncorrupted American democrats. But a good many years must pass before we can definitely pronounce their misgivings unfounded. Even their honest prejudices, so much in line with all our republic was founded to give mankind, reach us, in this age of chilled enthusiasms and moral fatigue, carrying with them "such grace as morning shadows wear."

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

The Silver Spoon, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

The Incredulity of Father Brown, by G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.

The Viaduct Murder, by Ronald A. Knox. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.00.

IN The Silver Spoon, the recent history of the Forsyte family is brought up to date. It is a continuance of the married life of Fleur and Michael Mont that began in The White Monkey. Yet such is the craft of John Galsworthy, that The Silver Spoon, stemming from the background of the Saga, is an independent unit—can be read as such—though its significance is greater when seen against the continuity of Forsyte family history. The novel is based on the traditional position of the Forsyte family, with its class consciousness and clan dominance, and its resistance to a changing order. Its incidents turn upon a trivial libel suit. The art of Galsworthy, however, raises this drawing-room scandal into a potent symbol of the status of contemporary manners and morals; its triviality throws a bankrupt society into high relief.

The theme of loyalties has been prevalent in Galsworthy's writing. Bound up with this theme has been his exposition of the relationship between the individual and the institutions of society—particularly the family. Soames Forsyte, while a distinctly individual character creation, represents in his ideas, prejudices and customs, the upper middle-class which was made and secured by the industrial revolution of the Victorian era. He interestingly stands for a definite view of life.

Such is the make-up of human existence that it is possible to enjoy two of its three desirable attainments—liberty, sufficiency and security—in combinations of twos. In pairs they function harmoniously; but the presence of all three quickly produces dissonance. In this modern instance, for a brief span, old Soames had all three desirables in his snug and complacent life of orderly acquiring of worldly acquistions, when his security was endangered by the appearance of a "disturbing beauty impinging on a possessive world." Beauty in the guise of woman shattered his fixed world. In his solid, persevering manner, he put some of it together again. But beauty remained for him, in its various forms, a recurring obstacle to the full flowering of his tradition. Beauty he could not withstand or keep secure in his own fashion.

One of the learned professors of beautiful letters has remarked that Michael Mont, who married Seames's daughter, is the singular incident of a Christian gentleman in modern fiction. It is an odd reflection upon Christianity that this colorless, withal pleasant, but wishy-washy character should be a synonym. Michael is one—with the Arnoldians and old Soames. He illustrates the individual being absorbed by tradition. In him a sense of self-preservation is lacking. This is thoroughly demonstrated in The Silver Spoon, where we watch him abandon his publishing business to stand for Parliament, under the pretense of desiring to help England in its post-war crisis. His panaceas for all ills are as dreary as most—and his advent into politics, for which he is poorly fitted, is but a pretext to let Fleur bask in the reflected glory of her husband. To Michael, as to Soames, Fleur is beauty—a disturbing element to orderly concepts, but one before which they serve.

In this travail of society, Fleur is the darling of tradition. She is woman as an institution, rather than as an individual. All that she is, is the result of the Forsytean inheritance. Posited in contrast to Fleur, is Marjorie, reckless daughter of an old titled family, who isn't accepting life or station, but experimenting with her own talent. She laughs and mocks at Fleur, climbing on the efforts of her father and husband. Soames is indignant. Instead of a drawing-room battle of wits—caused by this slur—their difference is taken to court and a technical victory won by Fleur in the suit for libel. But the honesty and courage of Marjorie win the approval of society, who turn from the protected Fleur and leave her to the company of her men-folk. Her attempt to found a salon on the family fortune gives way to a world tour to obliviate her distressing failure. For ironically again, Soames and Michael, through their tradition and love, are beaten men. The world, as of yore, gives its admiration and appreciation to the independent woman who held her own.

The Silver Spoon is urbane and intensive as it realizes the inner life of its characters. Here, Galsworthy is not so much the satirist, as the social philosopher, for his society satirizes itself. The past and present is thrown into sharp relief by Soames, a man who lives by ideas, as compared to contemporary life which is "a cigarette." The Silver Spoon, in spite of several glowing passages, is a meditative novel concerned with a restless and jazzed people and those they disturb. Its craft is that of Galsworthy's usual detachment—but its spirit has not the perfect detachment that was behind The Forsyte Saga. Not that his vision is distorted. It is bland and civilized as he relentlessly pursues old Soames, whose hard egoism has bloomed into his generosity to Fleur. Still, the Galsworthy interest in the future can hardly be said to be entirely disinterested. He is groping for a way out. His world is bankrupted—but not without hope. Apparently, Galsworthy will have to wait for the children of Michael and Fleur to surpass their parents and bring flux into orderly movement. It looks as though he would have to wait upon time before continuing his new series.

One of the peculiar quirks of modernity is the increasing penchant of civilized folk for taking their awe and terror in a capsule manner, that is, within the book covers of a thriller. One would think that the reading of almost any of our newspapers would be sufficient—but it isn't—and the vogue set by our great master minds finding relaxation in mystery stories, has found increasing followers. It is our good fortune that occasionally, writers of excellent style, such as Mr. Chesterton and Father Knox, amuse themselves by writing tales of the mystery genre. On such occasions, the talent of such men refurbish a hackneyed story form. However, Mr. Chesterton in a note to his collected tales, makes certain that this hobby for diversion will not be taken too seriously by remarking that he didn't "know if it is necessary to say, of stories so slight, that the archaeology and history are largely assumed for the sake of the story. Problems of a very similar sort do exist; but I have . . . avoided reproducing any real one."

Readers of the previous adventures of Father Brown in the earlier books of The Innocence of Father Brown, and The Wisdom of Father Brown, will find a livelier entertainment in his further adventures which have more of the relishing flavor of Chesterton's insatiable spirit. Mr. Chesterton is deliberately "joshing" his creation on the Sherlock Holmes pattern and the whole influence of the wide interest in the detective story. Doubtless, too, he enjoys the paradox of his priest being a sceptic, in so far as his unraveling of worldly mystery illuminates clearly the pseudo-supernatural. Father Brown expounds the business of the "mystagogue" in his revealing conclusion that "real mystics don't hide mysteries, they reveal them. They set a thing up in broad daylight, and when you've seen it, it's still a mystery. But the mystagogues hide a thing in secrecy and darkness and when you find it, it's a platitude." So though these stories have a wide range from Europe to South America and to the United States, they are bound together by a unity of idea. To Father Brown he has transferred some of his recent experiences, while lecturing here, and his comments upon the American scene and methods are highly amusing. Naturally, except for the character of Father Brown, and some diverting caricatures of types, the emphasis is upon the turns of plot. Here is to be found the clever twists in unexpected directions and eerie atmosphere of bloody horror mingled with his pawky humor. Mr. Chesterton has always been a capable story-teller, with an inclination toward tall tales, and his latest collection is characteristic of his best fiction.

On the title page of his mystery story, Father Knox has quoted from Gaboriau this bit of advice for provoking mystery and suspense: "In the matter of information, above all, regard with suspicion that which seems probable. Begin always by believing what seems incredible." Father Knox, tongue in cheek, has set down the story of four gentlemen golfers who, acting on the above idea, attempt to solve a mysterious murder. They build up an improbable, yet persuasive case against the wrong man, rejecting the evidence they possess against the real murderer, because his motive for committing the crime seems so obvious. Father Knox amuses himself with the efforts of his four amateur detectives, who try to keep the matter from the police until they have solved the mystery, only to have them discover that the police had been working along the same lines as themselves. The irony of Father Knox and his admirably written narrative, with its human interest, removes this book, like that of Chesterton, from the banality of this overworked type of fiction.

EDWIN CLARK.

The Story of the English Prayer-Book, by Dyson Hague. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.80.

AS TO the facts concerning the development of the Anglican prayer-book, and its descendants in Scotland, Ireland, the United States, and Canada, Dr. Hague has written a clear, thorough, and orderly account. He states as emphatically as any Catholic could, that before the Reformation "there was no such thing as a Church of England doctrine as distinct from

the doctrine of the Church of Rome." His treatment of the revolutionary and essential changes in doctrine and worship, made possible by the separation from Rome, foreshadowed by the vernacular litany of 1545, reaching a climax of Protestantism in the Second Prayer-Book of 1552, and substantially retained through subsequent revisions, is an accurate presentation of indisputable historical fact. The transformation of the Mass into a Protestant communion service by the abolition of the doctrines of the Real Presence and the Eucharistic Sacrifice is clearly demonstrated, as is also the abandonment, in the new ordinal, of Catholic teaching concerning the priesthood. Dr. Hague completely agrees with Leo XIII that Anglican clergymen have ceased to be priests in the Catholic sense.

For all this part of his work the author, as he freely acknowledges, has extensively used the researches of Cardinal Gasquet. Whereas, however, the Catholic scholar has been content to let the facts speak for themselves, the Anglican author gives vent to his intensely Protestant animus on every page, almost in every sentence. Mediaeval worship, according to him, was little better than a jumble of unintelligible mummery and corrupt doctrine. The Reformers, especially Cranmer, are always "scripture-inspired, spirit-led," and so forth. We are asked to picture the scene during the preparation of the Second Prayer-Book as follows: "There is upon each face a look of earnest resolve, deep and strong; their countenances are illumined with the strange and solemn light of scriptural knowledge and spiritual power." By way of contrast, we are asked to imagine the "superlative haughtiness" of the legate's voice at the reconciliation in Mary's reign. As an historical study, the book is marred by all this intrusive rhetoric. Even the staunchest of Dr. Hague's Low Church sympathizers might well prefer to have his history less constantly interlarded with pastoral exhortation.

The author looks at everything through spectacles of the deepest Protestant dye. Thus Tudor absolutism, at the service of a small group of Reformers for the spreading of new doctrine against the wishes of the enormous majority of clergy and people, as Dr. Hague admits, has his entire approval, while Stuart absolutism, favoring the High Church views of Laud and his school, is a horse of a very different and far less pleasing color.

With the pre-Reformation Church Dr. Hague is simply unable to deal calmly or accurately. For instance, we read of "each sentence" in the litany "being sung one hundred times," the Ordinary of the Mass is described as its "variable parts," and, worst of all, we are asked to imagine "the difficulty of the priest during the month of May" on the assumption that "the worship of the Virgin Mary" would then hopelessly complicate his liturgical tasks. Now, unfortunately for Dr. Hague, May devotions, which have never in the least affected the missal and breviary, were originated by Roman Jesuits in the eighteenth century, and could therefore scarcely have bothered the hypothetical mediaeval priest. Nor could he have been burdened by the fact that the missal "did not supersede the necessity of separate books for the Epistles and Gospels and for the musical portions of the Mass." At solemn Mass, where alone they would be needed, the use of separate books containing only the parts needed by different people, is an obvious convenience. Why, to follow out Dr. Hague's rather childish argument, is not the presence of a separate Bible and hymn-books in Anglican churches, not to mention separate copies of occasional musical selections, a hopelessly

mediaeval state of things? And why is it necessary to speak of "so-called Latin hymns"? Are hymns not hymns unless they are sung in English?

With Dr. Hague's doctrinal position it is impossible to deal fully here. His denial of the sacrificial character of the Eucharist before Cyprian and Tertullian involves a one-sided reading of the Gospels, the refusal to recognize the implications of Saint Paul's allusions to the Eucharist, and the ignoring of the Didache, Saint Irenaeus, and Saint Justin. It is, at any rate, noteworthy that the existence of Catholic Eucharistic doctrine long before the middle-ages should be granted.

The author's remarks on the ancient British Church, so dear to Anglican controversialists, are likewise significant. Though stating, without offering any evidence, that it was "not subject to Rome," he agrees that it probably had a liturgy of the Gallican type, "largely identical with the Roman Mass service of that date," and including "the offering of the sacrifice upon the altar." Evidence, however, liturgical or otherwise, against his archaic theories, or lack of evidence in their favor, can have little effect on our author. The theology of Cranmer is the flag nailed to the masthead of his Anglican variety of Fundamentalism. He remains convinced that Protestantism is "a revival of apostolic Christianity," with a fervor of conviction equal to that of the Reformers, but with less excuse for his illusions than they had.

The book's final paragraph is a plea for the eternal maintenance of the sixteenth-century status quo. "The Church was reformed. The Church is reformed. It ought not to be reformed again. . . . The new wine of a revived Arianism or Unitarianism, commingled with the strange wine of a revamped mediaevalism, will surely burst the bottle of our Anglican Church unity, if forced into it today." The queerly mixed wine has already burst the bottle, if unbridled chaos of doctrine and practice can do so. For Protestantism is a petrifaction. It cannot develop without reacting toward Catholicism or dissolving into modernistic naturalism. Supporters of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century are powerless to prevent another in the twentieth, indeed they cannot even try to do so with any appearance of consistency. To the High Churchmen of Dr. Hague's communion we would especially recommend the careful studying of a book which, with all its incidental bias, proves by indisputable evidence how little the history of their Church's official worship entitles them to the name of Catholic.

T. Lawrason Riggs.

The Cattle Drive in Connaught, by Austin Clarke. London: George Allen and Unwin.

Love's Bitter Sweet, translated from the Irish by Robin Flower. Dublin: The Cuala Press.

The Golden Legends of the Gael, by Maud Joynt. New York: The Irish Book Shop. $1.75.

WHEN an Irish poet gives The Cattle Drive in Connaught as a title to a collection of poems, he is making an ambitious claim: it is to nothing less than the power of handling the ancient epic material. Austin Clarke, in the present volume and the volumes he has previously published, has shown powers which make such a claim seem not at all extravagant—he has a flair for rendering wide and windy aspects of country, he has the command of a musical and oddly varied verse, he has a good deal of the extravagance and boisterousness that belong to the old Irish literature. This is not to say that he is that seldom-born genius, the epic poet. He has not shown—at least as yet—the power of organizing a complete narrative, nor has he shown the power of creating character robust enough to hold up a poem that is concerned with great action.

The poem that gives title to the present collection is a rendering of the prologue to the epic tale, the Tain Bo Culaigne—the "bolster-conversation" between Maeve, the queen, and her husband, and the quest of the bull that is to bring about the war between Ulaidh and the four-fifths of Ireland. There are two other poems that are out of the older literature—The Circuit of Cuchullain, and The Frenzy of Suibhne. These, and about sixteen short poems make up a collection that is of high merit and interest.

The Cattle Drive in Connaught, however, is not likely to have a success proportionate to its merit. It requires from the reader not only a knowledge of Irish tradition, but a knowledge of its byways and in many of the passages it demands the metrical sense that comes from an appreciation of Gaelic poetry. In writing about the ancient Irish world, Austin Clarke never loses sight of the actual Irish scene nor sense of the actual Irish character. The locale and the characters are of today. He does not hesitate to make great Maeve talk like an assertive Connaught woman whom we might know.

Love's Bitter Sweet is a collection of poems translated from the Irish, but a collection which will have a fresh appeal to those who know Irish poetry through translations of folk-songs only. The poems in the slender collection which Mr. Robin Flower has made, come out of the aristocratic life of Ireland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Those who know only a little about it are inclined to think of Gaelic literature in Ireland as developing in isolation from other literatures. Such was not the case. When Gaelic literature was most vigorous, it was receiving influences from the current European literatures. The poems in Love's Bitter Sweet have an historical value besides their value as poetry, because they help us to get a more balanced view of Irish society in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. That warfare in one form or another was pretty constant during these centuries is evident, but it is also evident that there were men then who had the time and the inclination to note the brooch or the cloak that a lady had on and to make a poem about the cloak or the brooch in an elaborate and literary form. And it is interesting to see how an art and an attitude which were created in the courts of Europe were made native to the Ireland of these centuries. One of the Fitzgeralds, Gerald, fourth earl of Desmond, introduced the theme of courtly love into Irish literature in the fourteenth century. The theme was originally from France. But it was developed by the Irish poets in a manner very like to that in which it was being developed by the English poets at the same time.

We are grateful to Mr. Flower for including a few poems which do not strictly belong to Love's Bitter Sweet—the Fingal farmer's curse upon the mare which has thrown him just as he was going courting, and the bitter poem about the misery of a cottar's life. The first is a real addition to that grim anthology of characteristically Irish poetry—the poetry of invective—and the second poem abolishes time for us by showing that the poor man of the sixteenth or seventeenth century had the same things to complain about as the poor man in the Ireland of our time.

The Golden Legends of the Gael belong to a period further back in history than the period out of which Love's Bitter Sweet comes, but, like the collection of poems, these stories also

belong to the aristocratic rather than to the folk-life; they are the stories that the literati of Ireland concerned themselves with and took care to hand down to their successors. They are retold by a well-known Irish scholar, Miss Maud Joynt, and they make a book that is of real value. Those who have a slight knowledge of, but a great interest in, Irish literature, often ask: "How can one get close to the originals that form the groundwork of James Stephens's and Lady Gregory's famous stories?" There is hardly any use in referring such enquirers to Standish O'Grady's Silva Gadelica, or Leahy's Irish Heroic Romances. Such volumes are difficult to procure, and they are for students rather than for the ordinary reader. But Miss Joynt's Golden Legends of the Gael (evidently published for the use of Irish schools) is just the volume to give to such an enquirer, for it is the work of a scholar who knows the originals in their difficult language, written in clear English.

The occasional poems into which the heightened passages are carried in Irish story-telling are well-rendered, as witness the passage in which the Luprachan, held by King Fergus, offers ransom for himself:

"Take my spear, O Fergus! Who wields that spear shall face
  a hundred foemen and know no fear.
Take my shield, O King! Who that shield doth hold will
  ne'er get scratch in fight, be he young or old.
Take my sword, O Fergus! In Erin's land no better sword wilt
  find in a prince's hand.
Take my cloak, O Fergus! 'tis ever new; 'twill last thy time
  and thy son's and thy grandson's too.
Take my shirt—of fine linen thread 'tis spun; 'twas my
  grandsire's mother wrought it for her son.
Take my crimson tunic of silken mesh; in a hundred years its
  color will still be fresh."

The notes to the book are distinctly valuable—a study of them will help to clear up the main points of Irish mythology.

PADRAIC COLUM.

The Letters of Louise Imogen Guiney, edited by Grace Guiney, with a preface by Agnes Repplier. New York: Harper and Brothers. $5.00.

TO SOME few people in every generation is given the singular destiny of becoming personalities. All her life Louise Imogen Guiney remained faithful to a gift for making courageous verse and to a penchant, not wholly fortunate perhaps, for digging up forgotten day-before-yesterdays. It seems clear that at least some of this verse is going to last, and that the "grubbing" has more than temporary value. But it is a moral axiom that all good children without exception deserve to be told about the "self" of Miss Guiney, so that when they have grown, they will recognize her as a kind of lucent image of a certain time and habit of American civilization. The romantic impulse burned more brightly in her than in anyone else I know. An unspoiled Celt to the very last secret place in the spirit which leaped through her eyes, she had nevertheless been emancipated from political melancholy by contact with a hard and only rarely comely New England; and therefore (though it is not easy to understand how or why) her heart ran back to the only spiritual country where there was room for her—the land of Platonic Englishmen, where Crashaw lived with Vaughan under the danger-haunted rule of Stuart kings.

"Louise Imogen Guiney worked hard and loved idleness—

idleness to read, idleness to roam the countryside; yet so great was the prodigality of her pen that time and fatigue seem equally out of the reckoning," says Miss Repplier in an admirable preface to the collection of letters compiled by Grace Guiney. She really did write generously and intimately enough to piece out something like a motion-picture of herself; but she did it breathlessly, without a thought of pose or a whiff of the "curator mood" which deadens so much correspondence. And yet the joy and recklessness of the portrait cannot dispel its sadness—the slow defeat of as exalted a courage as ever lived by poverty and domestic care, by the silence of a public which should have applauded, by—yes, this also—the insatiable romantic heimweh which was only her version of the desperate universal hunger for immortality.

Louise was a convent girl and the daughter of a soldier. "Will you ask Santa Claus to bring me a little sword, because we play soldiers here, and I have a gun, and a flag, and a sword is all I want," says an early letter with a pretty clear indication of which way the wind is blowing. School-girl astrologers, she writes, "finished by sending me out among the Sioux, to convert them, but not to civilize, as I would not countenance their departure from the wild life of the prairie." That is native American temperament for you! But soon the girl had grown, poems had attracted attention, life, stagnant enough in Auburndale, was punctuated with compliments from canny men like Colonel Higginson and Doctor Holmes as well as with glimpses of a wider world, Coquelin—"Whew! what acting his is!"—and other worthies. The tocsin of rebellion is never entirely hushed: "I can do nothing that I like; I am an abject slavey. And myself is a creature as ought to be fighting, or discovering, or breaking horses, instead of mewing round in the trail of the silly Muses." Stevenson had, naturally enough, become the favorite living author, although the correspondence reveals a growing intimacy with English connoisseurs of the world's oldest literature.

The high spirits continue through the era of postmistressing in Auburndale, but rise to new heights with emancipation from the "U.S.A. treadmill." Studiousness has now become a fixed habit, rewarded by the especial favor of Doctor Grosart. "It would appear that the dear old gentleman hath constituted me a sort of agent for all America," a letter remarks half triumphantly, half complainingly. Jubilant references to the seventeenth century multiply; and finally, in 1899, this was written: "Some day, when I am free (i.e., moth-eaten and tame with years) I am going to emigrate to some hamlet that smells strong of the middle-ages, and put cotton-wool in my ears, and swing out clear from this very smart century altogether." In 1901 the address has become Oxford and the business in hand the resuscitation of Vaughan. "I have a pretty little study, and we find life as merry as sleigh-bells. Meanwhile, my fine tinsel dreams of going here and there, have faded. You see the £.s.d. loved doctors better than poeticules. When I ache for Magellan's or Stanley's adventures I trot down the tow-path to Sandford." Life is careless—"Bohemian" in the best sense—however: "I rather dread being found out as a literary fellow. Anonymity is like a rose-water bath for me." She had become, in the opinion of experts, an historian; and every page of her correspondence proves her deep love for and understanding of the past.

Many things that had been hoped for—adventure, travel, imaginative freedom—never came to pass for reasons which Miss Guiney stated in a rare moment of confidence: "Whatever fire was originally in me has died out for lack of a flue; I am, I will not say embittered—my worst enemy would allow that I have no grievances!—but atrophied. If I ever finish long-begun and long-interrupted tasks, I shall do almost more than I now hope for; but I shall never be able to plan and carry on with my old zest. You don't know what it is to have to live on public praise; to have done your very best in composing or editing some sixteen books, and to draw from them in the lump, thanks to one unhallowed cause or another, not three guineas a year, seldom as much as forty-five shillings!"

It is best to pause with this emphasis upon the fatal barricade that was never to be crossed. The great war revived the poet's martial spirit: she was a fierce partisan, as might have been expected from one who had seen Germany only at its extreme worst—in England. Religious feeling was inundating her spirit then as it did afterward, and had done throughout her life.

The letters end abruptly, as all the most virile masterpieces do. One cannot predict that they will enjoy the popularity they deserve; but the knowing of all forms and fashions will keep them close, will bless their laughter and their sobbing, and will understand—long before they have reached the end of two volumes beautiful in every way—that here is the quintessence of a genial woman who was also, always, a heroine.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Cat's Cradle, by Maurice Baring. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $4.00.

A NOVEL 700 pages long is not the anomaly it ought to be; but a novel 700 pages long which is pure narrative, unpadded with introspection, is out of the ordinary range of fiction. Mr. Baring's prodigious memory enables him to people his canvas with scores of characters whom he remembers, though the reader doesn't, and to follow their fortunes through scores of years with the minute accuracy of a chronicler. He knows what springs they spend in London, what early summers in Russia, what autumns in the Vosges, what winters in Rome. If they rent a house in Seville, or rooms in Heidelberg, or a flat in Mount Street, he makes clear to us their surroundings, and prepares us for the next move.

The only serious occupation of all these men and women is to fall in love, and they invariably fall in love with persons who are already provided with the one husband or the one wife whom law and custom permit. Hence the complications of their very complicated lives. This does not mean that Mr. Baring introduces us to the society of libertines. Far from it. Most of his lovers have sensitive consciences and a delicate sense of honor. But nothing save love seems to interest them, which is a pity; and none of them seem to have the luck to meet the right people at the right time, which is a genuine misfortune. They discover to their cost that life teaches nothing until it is too late for the lesson to be of value. The key-note of this melancholy book is the pitiless maxim of La Rochefoucauld: "On arrivée novice à tous les âges."

The very charming English girl who is married to a very unpleasant Roman prince (one feels that her father must have picked out the least engaging son-in-law in Italy) is portrayed with exquisite care and precision. So also is the prince. Only a man familiar with Latins could have written this admirable description: "In spite of his excellent education, Prince Roccapalumba had absorbed little knowledge, nor did he greatly care for arts and letters. Yet he gave the impression of culture, or rather of an immemorial civilization, and of an un-

canny intelligence. He was, one felt, more intelligent than he had a right to be."

Guido's intelligence bodes ill for his lovely young wife, and the ruse by which he succeeds in shutting her away from the world is more dramatic than credible. But it is not the frustrated passions of Mr. Baring's dramatis personae which make the charm of his book. It is not the crossing and re-crossing of their lives—indicated by the title—which interests and holds the reader. It is the grace of sentiment, the distinction of style, the undercurrent of religious feeling—ennobling even when ineffectual—and the skilful contrasting of nationalities which lend value to the ruthlessly protracted tale. Conversations are lifelike and acute. A young Englishman tells a Russian lady that she and her compatriots are so clever that they take his breath away. To which she makes wise answer: "We are cultivated—too cultivated; we have made a fetish of culture in Russia. But unfortunately we absorbed it before we were civilized."

It reads like a transcript from the diary of that most discerning and devoted of French diplomatists, M. Maurice Paléologue.

Mr. Baring is a candid writer. We have faith in his presentation of human nature, and in the fashion in which it confesses itself. When Blanche admits her fundamental weakness, she does so in an unforgettable sentence: "What I find is this," she tells an English priest. "The temptations I can overcome turn out not to have been temptations at all; and when they really are temptations, I cannot overcome them." There are many such lucid reflections to help us bear the weary monotony of love-making, and the weary passage of time. Cat's Cradle begins with the Franco-Prussian war, and ends with the world war. Forty-four years! They are too many, and, for the most part, they are too minutely followed. Le secret d'ennuyer est de tout dire.

Agnes Repplier.

Swinburne, by Harold Nicolson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

ONLY a very young man can take much interest today in Swinburne's poetry. Even Mr. Nicolson, who does his utmost to prove that the poet's verse is not boring, gets obviously bored by it long before his book is over, and crowds into less than forty pages everything that occurred—and it must be remembered that Tristram of Lyonesse occurred—during the last thirty years of Swinburne's life. This was, of course, the No. 2 the Pines period, when Swinburne lived carefully swathed in cotton-wool by Watts-Dunton, but the period also contained a large number of books, all of which have been summarily dealt with. Mr. Nicolson set out heroically, and, by battling manfully with his own tedium, has succeeded in producing an acute piece of critical writing; but the gusto and gaiety that made his study of Tennyson so notable were gradually extinguished as he wrote on Swinburne.

Yet when Swinburne burst like a lascivious satyr upon the staid mid-Victorian scene, his poetry struck most of the younger men as being "the most exciting thing that had ever happened." They were enchanted by a new music, and rolled his sonorous blasphemies upon their tongues with a dark, voluptuous delight. That has all gone. And it is difficult for a modern reader to see anything in Swinburne but the virtuoso.

All the same, there is a great deal more. And the case of this poet is one of the most fascinating of problems in literary psychology. It is the custom to dismiss Swinburne's work

as being all sound and no sense. The rush and surge of the verse, the almost intolerable ingenuities are there; but the defect of Swinburne was not in his head but in his heart. He was practically destitute of feeling. His was a startling instance of genius somehow associated with arrested development. As Mr. Nicolson fairly conclusively demonstrates, "Swinburne's emotional receptivity began to ossify in 1857, that is, in his twenty-first year."

Watts-Dunton is generally blamed for everything, and figures in the biographies (even in this one) as the villain of the piece. Ossification was all but complete, however, by the time that Swinburne had been taken charge of at Putney. It was only that the prolongation of his life—which he owed entirely to the care of his maiden-aunt, Watts-Dunton—made the ossification, with the appearance of each of the later volumes, painfully apparent. "The sea, the sun and wind," writes Mr. Nicolson, "had been absorbed in childhood; with Eton came Sophocles, Sappho, The Birds of Aristophanes, Catullus, the Elizabethans, Landor, Hugo, Mary Queen of Scots; during his first year at Balliol, there flamed for him Mazzini and the detestation of Napoleon III. This strange assortment remained throughout his life the essential stimulus: there was no stimulus after 1857 that became really essential." The ignoble diatribes on the subject of the Boer War, of course, came later. And for these (it is a heavy charge) Watts-Dunton must be held responsible.

There remained No. 2 the Pines, and the delightful study at the top of the house, and the walks upon Wimbledon Common with the poet's silky beard tossing in the wind as he chanted a chorus out of Euripides or a chapter from Isaiah, and the delightful encounter of a "be-eautiful babby" in its pram, and the return home of the deaf, mild, and charmingly courteous old gentleman to a roast leg of mutton and the single bottle of Bass's ale to which Watts-Dunton had reduced him. All these things have been described by Max Beerbohm in his inimitable manner. And we gather from the account that, had the process gone one step further, Swinburne would have drunk milk out of a feeding-bottle like one of his "be-eautiful babbies"!

This is the actuality, and it accords with Mr. Nicolson's theory of the union in Swinburne of "the instinct of self-assertion" and the instinct of "self-abasement" being the real essence of his genius.

In the poems are tangled, almost inextricably, magnificence, cheapness, and positive silliness. Even into The Triumph of Time, practically the only poem of Swinburne's that sprang out of a genuine experience, these things come.

And in the famous opening chorus of Atalanta in Calydon we see the poet struggling with the virtuoso:

"For winter's rains and ruins are over,
  And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
  The light that loses, the night that wins."

But the stanza which begins with mere ingenuity, with alliteration, and the use of internal rhyme and the factitious antithesis and the familiar allusion to sin ends with:

"And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
  Blossom by blossom the spring begins."

Swinburne was under the unfortunate necessity of shocking the smugness of mid-Victorianism, and his frenetic invocations, "Come down and redeem us from virtue, Our Lady of Pain," must be pardoned, if possible, on that account, just as his poems on obscure sexual perversities should be gently accounted for on the ground of a pathological condition that made the sins he celebrated impossible—pathetically impossible—to him.

But he was a pagan, an elaborate and determined pagan, though with enough erudition to understand that the only element of paganism he could revive was its despair. Hence his great cry:

"Yea, is not even Apollo, with hair and harpstring of gold,
A bitter god to follow, a beautiful god to behold."

Hence, too, the exquisite hopelessness of The Garden of Proserpine:

"Then star nor sun shall waken,
  Nor any change of light:
Nor sound of waters shaken,
  Nor any sound or sight:
Nor wintry days nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
  In an eternal night."

But this beautiful writing—like so much else in Swinburne—owed its origin, in part, to the genius of other poets. Catullus had put it more tersely with:

"Nobis cun semel occidit brevis lux,
nox est perpetua una dormienda."

For even the despair of this poet, who was so inexperienced in living as to be all but innocent, was vicarious.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Susan Shane, by Roger Burlingame. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

Portia Marries, by Jeanette Phillips Gibbs. New York: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

ROGER BURLINGAME who once did a devastating satire on the advertising business, You Too, and Jeanette Phillips Gibbs, the newest of the Gibbs family to take to novel writing, present two novels dealing with women and careers that are interesting as contrasts in viewpoint and locale. Mrs. Gibbs, as indicated in her title, has taken for her heroine a woman lawyer, and recounts her successful combination of a family and home life and a legal career. She is somewhat less successful than Mr. Burlingame in her result, for she seems imbued with a thesis on feminism that is a bit antiquated in this year of Our Lord 1926. No doubt, women in careers, and especially in that bed-rock of conservatism, the law, have not yet cleared all the hurdles that time and custom have placed for them, but much of Mrs. Gibbs's story reads like the old-fashioned pre-war brand of feminist propaganda. She appears so much more anxious to advance the cause of women in the field of law than to forward the personal story of her heroine that her tale suffers at times.

Mr. Burlingame offers a straightforward account of the rise of a modern business woman from her humble beginning of peddling pastry to the residents of the summer colony near her home till she is a famous restaurateur in New York with a Fifth Avenue establishment, and married to the rich admirer who had backed her courage and ability with his money. Susan

Shane was the product of her heredity and environment. Born into a family whose poverty and incompetence bred in her a determination to rise in the world, she was ruthless in her business relations. In a defiant explanation of herself, she says: "Money, money, money, it's the only thing in the world! . . . Hard? Why shouldn't I be? You try living with everybody so sick and so poor you got no clothes and shoes, and dirty babies yelling on the floor. Winter after winter, and scarlet fever and the cold and snow and business stopped. I'd like to be hard like iron nails, hard, hard, hard, so there couldn't nothing ever hurt me. I would. Hard. I'll be hard."

As a foil for Susan Shane's philosophy of materialism, the author provides David Cord, a childhood sweetheart who has become a sculptor. Unable to continue his artistic studies after the war, he gets a job selling bonds—at which occupation he is not overly successful. He meets Susan again at the height of her success, but their points of view are so widely separated that they part. He honestly loves her and, as she says herself, he is her one weakness. She longs for him as she longs for nothing else, but she wants to possess him, to run his life as efficiently as she would run one of her own restaurants. The mutual love, unspoken and incompatible, is allowed to slip away and Susan, with the pathetic escape of many a disappointed woman, accepts in a marriage with Bernard Moore, the wraith of her desire for David.

Both of these novels have one fault in common. They each present a single full-length portrait of the heroine and leave the other characters in the state of unfinished sketches. And thy are much too superficial to pass as character studies. Mrs. Gibbs has gone no deeper than the clear, white skin of her Jane Thorndyke; and with the exception of Susan Shane and Victor, her Irish flute-playing father, who was "sometimes a socialist and sometimes a Catholic," Mr. Burlingame's characters are but a shadow of reality. Of the two stories, Susan Shane is by far the better told and more interesting, but it lacks the depth and understanding of a really first-rate novel.

JOHN M. KENNY, JR.

Dreams and Images: An Anthology of Catholic Poets, by Joyce Kilmer; with a supplement by Shaemas O'Sheel. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

THE critics have had their say regarding the excellence and the limitations of Joyce Kilmer's anthology, Dreams and Images, published in 1917 amid the stress and disorders in which the brilliant young editor and poet gave his life for his country; there is hardly need to repeat a commendation for the good taste and discrimination shown in his collection which has proved useful to many lovers of poetry.

There were many changes and additions to be made in Dreams and Images, which would surely have been effected had Joyce Kilmer survived the great war, but in his place the publishers have made the wise selection of Shaemas O'Sheel to bring the volume up to date and to remedy some of the unfortunate omissions. In this way, the volume gains in value with the inclusion of some five of Joyce Kilmer's best poems, but the book is strangely silent about the work, very superior and very lovely, of his wife, Aline Kilmer.

Mr. O'Sheel is constant to his Irish affiliations with the introduction of a number of ancient songs which were quite beyond the scope of Kilmer's horizons for his anthology; while he makes no mention of G. K. Chesterton and Michael Field,

his inclusion of work by Aubrey Beardsley, Sir Roger Casement, Joseph I. C. Clark, Lord Alfred Douglas, Francis Hackett, Joseph Blanco White and Oscar Wilde, would have set up barriers in Kilmer's mind, difficult to surmount. Mr. O'Sheel, however, has given us considerable pleasure with his introduction of poems by Joseph Campbell, Tom Kettle, Francis Ledgwidge, and William H. Mallock.

THOMAS WALSH.

Evolution and Creation, by Sir Oliver Lodge. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

SIR OLIVER LODGE is always worth reading. In this little book, he finds himself impressed by the majesty of existence and believes that recent discoveries, so far from excluding God and the spiritual world, in moments of insight, leave room for little else. His attitude is profoundly different from that of the late W. K. Clifford—the "Mr. Saunders" of Mallock's New Republic, when he said "the world is made of atoms and ether and there is no room in it for ghosts."

How have things come to be as they are? Genesis, he says, is not to be taken as a text-book of science, but we must try patiently "to dig out its meaning." (An absolutely Catholic argument, though apparently he is ignorant of the fact.)

As to the physical universe, the processes of the consolidation of nebulae through which the heavenly bodies have been formed are described in simple terms, and the question discussed as to whether or not the process may be looked upon as cyclical. There must have been a beginning; will there be an end? Or is there any way whereby the energy now being degraded to a level where no work can be affected, may again be brought under working conditions?

There is no doubt about the motive power, since all things come from God—"the eternal Now," as he calls Him, again speaking in the language of Catholic theology. "Life is not one of the forms of energy, it is sui generis; it does not appear to be explicable in terms of something else; nor is it transformable into anything else. . . . It seems like something added from outside, entering into the scheme when the molecules have become sufficiently developed to receive it."

And what of man? He is separated from the rest of the animal creation by "his sense of free will, the power of choice, the knowledge of good and evil"; for animals have no sense of sin. The first man, "whether we call him Adam or not, matters nothing," had that sense—"it was an upward step and he fell over it." The Genesis narrative "contains a great truth—man's disobedience to the higher light within him," with a further threatening of a death of the soul—"a falling away from grace." Man was well worth saving, however, and "a Lofty Being took flesh and dwelt amongst us." Here one begins to wonder what exact meaning the writer attaches to those words, "a Lofty Being," for the curse of much non-Catholic writing is the ambiguous use of terms due to its faulty philosophical training. But the last paragraphs of the book enlighten us. "Ultimately God so loved the world that He gave the Being we are taught to call His Only Son, to live on the planet, and to undergo the rejection, the torture, the death which were in store for a Being higher than the sons of men could understand."

All his life, M. Jourdain had talked prose without knowing it. What a pity that Sir Oliver cannot learn that in this latter part of his life, at any rate, he is talking much that is Catholic.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

Religion and the Rise of Capitalism, by R. H. Tawney. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

IT WOULD be interesting to see how the average Wall Street magnate or the operator of "big business" would receive the suggestion that religion should bear any relation, say, to his manipulation of finance or his profit-making from the manufacture and sale of necessary commodities. A more or less polite incredulity would probably be mingled with a suspicion of "red" propaganda. And yet there was a time when what might now appear as a piece of doctrinaire pedantry was an axiom universally accepted. The writer of the present work says: "The criticism which dismisses the concern of churches with economic relations and social organization as a modern innovation, finds little support in past history. What requires explanation is, not the view that these matters are part of the province of religion, but the view that they are not."

In the course of this book, which achieves high distinction in its combination of deep scholarship, fine literary workmanship and breadth of view, Mr. Tawney traces the history of the revolution in civilized thought which has so completely divorced two factors of life—religion and economics—which were once regarded as inseparable; indeed, not only were they considered inseparable, but, as he tells us, economics was but a subdivision of ethics and ethics itself a part of theology.

Those who regard the middle-ages simply from the aesthetic standpoint of Sir Walter Scott and the "Gothic" enthusiasts of the Romantic revival, or else as a bizarre conglomerate of crusades, wars, pageants, dog-Latin and bad sanitation, may be surprised to hear that mediaeval Europe—especially in its fullest intellectual flowering in the great scholastics—possessed a body of economic doctrine that was as wide and thoroughly synthesized in its philosophy as it was detailed and specific in its application. At the outset, Mr. Tawney puts us on our guard against fitting our history to some pet theory or modern slogan: "To select from so immense a sea of ideas about society and religion only the specimens that fit the meshes of one's own small net, and to label them 'mediaeval thought,' is to beg all questions." However, it is not difficult to pick out the basic principle of all mediaeval economic teaching. It is simply that "all activities fall within a single system, because all, though with different degrees of immediateness, are related to a single end, and derive their significance from it," and that end was, as Mr. Tawney quotes from the Summa Theologiae of Saint Thomas Aquinas, the perfect happiness of man in the vision of the divine essence. That this lofty principle was not always kept sight of in financial and commercial practice, that the thirst for wealth led to abuses analogous to those in the modern business world, and that the men to whom this noble teaching was addressed robbed and cheated, proves only that they were men.

The beginning of the transition to the modern attitude toward economics becomes clearly discernible at the time of the Reformation and was largely conditioned by that movement, but it would be incorrect, according to the author, to lay all the blame for it on the shoulders of the early Reformers. Martin Luther, indeed, remained in the stream of mediaeval tradition in his economic conclusions, but he was guilty of the same mistake that Huxley and the Victorian agnostics made in the field of morals—that is, he knocked away the props of dogma and authority and expected the superstructure to remain firm. Hence his passionate fulminations against the economic abuses of his time and his "almost servile reliance on the

secular authorities." Calvin, more logical and spiritually more courageous, took the main features of a commercial civilization for granted and endeavored to apply his own rigid rule to economic conduct. Anglicanism, by reason of its practical identification of interest with the ruling aristocracy, leaned toward the side of undiluted capitalism in the rapidly widening breach between religion and economics, while the non-conformist bodies, which might have seemed qualified to reassert the supremacy of religious motives and criteria in economics, were rendered largely ineffective by a Manichaean spirit inherent in their theology, which saw the world of business and economic effort as a special field of the Evil One and as something quite incapable of being baptized into part of the Christian synthesis.

The effect of the whole historical process is, in the author's own words, that, "Religion has been converted from the keystone which holds together the social fabric, into one department within it, and the idea of a rule of right is replaced by economic expediency as the arbiter of policy and the criterion of conduct." Mr. Tawney does not attempt to hide his own sympathies, which are on the side of the spiritual synthesis, with which the contemporary world has so largely lost touch, but he never lets his enthusiasm as an idealist interfere with his impartiality as a scholar or his restraint as a writer. One cannot doubt that he endorses whole-heartedly the sentence from Bishop Berkeley which he uses as a rubric at the beginning of his volume: "Whatever the world thinks, he who hath not much meditated upon God, the human mind, and the summum bonum, may possibly make a thriving earthworm, but will indubitably make a sorry patriot and statesman."

George D. Meadows.

The Mind, by John X. Pyne. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00.

IN a day when psychology is in danger of degenerating into psychologism and the spiritual nature of mind being confounded with organisms, it is refreshing to meet such a contribution to scholasticism as this work of Father Pyne, professor of philosophy at Fordham University. While this work may surprise those who have identified psychology with a study of the subconscious or the abnormal, it will nevertheless delight those who know the traditional treatment of this science. The author has closely followed Aristotle's treatise on the soul, treating in order the history of the science of the mind, then the sensuous faculties, and finally thought and volition.

One of the fine traits of this book is the relation it shows between the soul and the mind. By defining mind in terms of the soul, Father Pyne has laid stress on the unity of consciousness which is one of the perplexing problems of modern psychology. "The mind," he writes, "is the soul as the subject of some, and the primary principle of all, of the powers by whose activity consciousness is produced." He thus departs from the Cartesian tradition of making the "soul" and "mind" synonymous without at the same time falling into the empirical error of denying the soul altogether. Some of the problems touched on by the author are fundamental, but never are they uninteresting. He has rendered certain elements of Thomistic psychology intelligible, not only to modern minds, but even to some scholastics as well. The abundance of examples proves the fine mental digestion the author has for abstract principles.

Father Pyne writes in the preface: "To carry on the work of construction, we require a master-builder, one upon whom we can rely to carry the work to completion. The philosopher

whom I select for this task is Saint Thomas the 'Angel of the Schools.' He is able to carry through his contract without any danger of default." This is all very good. But to any student of Saint Thomas, the wonder will grow why the author did not make more use of his master. Only the Summa and an English commentary on the Contra Gentes are quoted whereas no mention is made of those works of the Angelic Doctor which bear on his subject, such as De Unitate Intellectus, or his commentary on De Anima. And above all, why should not the author in treating of mind go to Saint Thomas's very treatise on this subject, De Mente, to be found in De Veritate? Be that as it may, this work has a genuine mission for the present day and may it attain the success it deserves.

FULTON J. SHEEN.

The Relation Between Science and Theology, by C. Stuart Gager. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

THERE are certain characteristics common to all the various and numerous books on this topic which emerge from the press, those at least of non-Catholic origin. They all disinter once more poor old Galileo, who really deserves a rest, and generally his disinterment is the signal for an orgy of misstatement. In this instance it is Roger Bacon, stated to be imprisoned for eighteen years up to the age of eighty. The Encyclopaedia Britannica gives the number as thirteen, but the Catholic Encyclopedia of more recent date, says that there is no contemporary evidence for the statement. It may be an invention, like the "eppur se muove," which Galileo did not say. These books usually exhibit an extraordinary kind of mental twist which causes absolute lack of historical perspective, and invite the reader's astonishment that the sixteenth and fifteenth—even the fourteenth—centuries were not like the twentieth, and that Saint Isidore of Seville, Fallopius, and other early writers, including many of the Popes (in fact, nearly all who opened their mouths on the subject of science) should have been ignorant of things which everybody knows now. In this, as in other books on the subject, there is a sort of backlash at the Church, as being really responsible for this lamentable delay in making scientific discoveries. The extreme nebulosity of non-Catholic theology makes them poor reading for the Catholic scholar, whose manuals possess, as a rule, a far wider exposition of the scientific, as well as sound theology.

As I Like It: Third Series, by William Lyon Phelps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

PROFESSOR PHELPS is an institution. One is always rather sure of what to expect therein, but the total effect is charming and beneficial. The present collection of running comment from the now famous department of Scribner's magazine is devoted, needless to say, to useful and ornamental subjects beyond number. Sunshine and Barrie are generously praised; there are many good words for Shaw and "John Ferguson"; and enough nimble-witted chaffing is passed round to assure even the most pessimistic that lecturers—at least Yale lecturers—are perennially human. It is refreshing to find Professor Phelps faithful as ever to his conviction that literature is a matter of good books rather than of the "great American novel." The originality and depth of As I Like It will not astound anybody, but there are so many discreet and interesting remarks that the volume deserves to be put where you will find it within easy reach at any time.